MARIA CECILIA:

OR,

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF THE DAUGHTER OF

ACHMET III.

EMPEROR OF THE TURKS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MARIA CECILIA.

CHAP. XII.

Effects of jealousy.—Adventures at a Ball.—Maria Cecilia leaves Italy.

THE wind continuing contrary, the citizens of Leghorn, in honour to me, and to return the politeness of the French officers, invited me to an elegant supper, which they gave in the saloon of the theatre; which was followed by a masked ball, that all the city might have the pleasure of seeing me. I can scarce recall to my memory this ball, without being tempted to laugh at a pleasant adventure, which happened to the poor icoglan, and which, at first, gave us some uneasiness.

I have already said, that this young man was of a very pleasing figure, and of

of an agreeable and lively diſpoſition, which made him readily give into any frolic. This humour had like to have coſt him dear. The maſqued ball falling in with his taſte extremely, he dreſſed himſelf as a Turkiſh woman. Some rich and elegant dreſſes of their faſhion, which Emilia had preſerved more from curioſity than any other motive, anſwered his purpoſe exactly. Emilia made no ſcruple to lend him one of them. To this ſhe had added all her diamonds. Icoglan was little for a man, pretty, and had but little beard, though by birth an Aſiatic: he had, beſides, very beautiful hair, and a ſingular art of diſpoſing it in a manner the moſt advantageous to his perſon. He was known by no one but us; and, whether on this account, or from a coquetry of diſpoſition, he did not think fit to put on a maſk. The ball commenced at ſix in the evening. I had ſcarce been there an hour, when Icoglan entered in all his ſplendour. I knew him inſtantly; but Madame Salmoni, who flattered herſelf it would afford ſome amuſement, made me promiſe not to diſcover him. This I did without repugnance, as I conſidered it a very innocent frolic. On entering the ball-room, he came and ſaluted me in the Turkiſh manner: this I returned by a ſlight

a ſlight inclination of the head. His pleaſing figure, the richneſs of his dreſs, and its faſhion, which was new to the whole aſſembly, attracted every eye. I was aſked, if it were a woman of my ſuite: I ſimply anſwered yes. This contributed to increaſe the notice taken of him. There was not a ſingle gentleman but ſought the honour of dancing with him. He acquitted himſelf extremely well; and this ſtill heightened the attention paid him. What aided the deception, was his having been prevented, by a ſlight indiſpoſition, from accompanying us on board the frigate the day before; ſo that he was perfectly a ſtranger to every one. As this deception amuſed me infinitely, I took care not to remove it. They paid me the honour to requeſt that I would name what ladies I choſe to admit to ſup with me: ſenſible of this mark of reſpect, I requeſted that no diſtinction might be made. At ten o'clock we adjourned to a magnificent ſaloon, where a cloth was laid with a hundred and fifty covers. It was entirely for ladies. As I would make no choice, Icoglan, in his female character, took his place at it. Amongſt the number of admirers, which his charms had attracted, the duke de Med * * * had made himſelf moſt conſpicuous

ſpicuous, and Icoglan had even appeared to ſhow him a preference. The duke was of his own age, and of an agreeable figure, and danced like an angel: theſe reſemblances eaſily drew them to each other. I perceived that the princeſs P * * * was not pleaſed with it: ſhe was a lady of forty. An Italian nobleman remarked to me her jealouſy. He told me, that the duke was not wealthy: that this lady, who had an immenſe fortune, was very much in love with him: that a marriage between them was on the point of being concluded: and that the hope of a brilliant fortune made the duke overlook diſparity of age. This converſation took place during ſupper. I then told him frankly who it was. He laughed heartily at the deception. In a moment every one at the ball knew that Icoglan was a man in diſguiſe, except the duke, whom we did not undeceive, in order to amuſe ourſelves with his miſtake, and the princeſs, who was not much liked, that we might enjoy the ſcene of her jealouſy.

Icoglan, who ſoon perceived that every one was in the ſecret, and to whom the ſcene of courſe became more intereſting, played his part to perfection. He was not deficient in penetration: he ſaw the jealouſy of the princeſs, and knew

knew how that muſt heighten the pleaſantry to the ſpectators. The duke had never quitted him: he ſerved him at table with all the attention of a lover. Icoglan, on his ſide, let no opportunity eſcape of ſhowing a preference to him. Stolen glances, ſpeaking ſmiles, all the delicate arts of coquetry, were played off with the ſkill of the moſt experienced female. After ſupper the ball was recommenced; they danced together again for ſome time. There was a prodigious company preſent, and it was eaſy to loſe objects in the crowd. About three o'clock, finding myſelf a little fatigued, I propoſed to withdraw. I deſired Salmoni to inform Icoglan that I was going. In vain he ſought him; he was not to be found. He came to tell me of it. It did not diſturb me, as I imagined that the young man, tired with dancing, had retired. I had a little before obſerved the duke and the princeſs in a box; and remarked a little alteration in the duke's countenance, and a certain air of triumph in that of the princeſs. I attributed both to Icoglan's departure, and, at that moment, did not at all doubt his being returned to the palace, at which I reſided. When I was preparing to depart unperceived, that I might not interrupt the ball, the

duke

duke was near me.—You are ſeparated from your conqueſt, then? ſaid I.—I believe, princeſs, anſwered he, that ſhe is, indeed, withdrawn; but if I were permitted to conſider her under the title your excellence has juſt given her in jeſt, I ſhould have little reaſon to be pleaſed; and her haſty diſappearance would convince me, that ſhe had not been very ſenſible to my attentions.—I would not have you, ſaid I, ſmiling, throw away upon her any very deep ſighs.—The young nobleman, who did not underſtand the true meaning of the words, anſwered very politely.—It is difficult not to regret being ſeparated from any one who has the happineſs to belong to your excellence.—He led me to my carriage, and we returned to the palace.

At my arrival I learnt that Icoglan had not made his appearance. At this I was a little ſurpriſed. However, as he was a youth of great ſobriety, I was not much alarmed. Salmoni, who was better acquainted with Italian diſpoſitions than I, did not appear quite ſo much at eaſe. He could not have had a greater affection for him, had he been his ſon: I alſo had a great regard for him. I endeavoured to remove Salmoni's fears.—All the company, ſaid I, were

were in the ſecret. Is it not probable that the young officers of the veſſel, who knew that he belongs to me, have drawn him into ſome party, or perhaps carried him on board? They might have thought that a mark of friendſhip to him would be agreeable to me. Tell him, however, when you ſee him, that theſe modes of abſenting himſelf diſpleaſe me, and I know it will never happen again.—My tranquillity calmed Salmoni's mind: I diſmiſſed him, and retired to reſt.

I was ſtill in a profound ſleep, when Salmoni entered my chamber: It was only eight o'clock. After offering his excuſes for having diſturbed me, he told me, that, notwithſtanding the earlineſs of the hour, the duke de Med * * * earneſtly requeſted to ſpeak with me, and that, unable to refuſe his preſſing ſolicitations, he had ventured to my apartment.—I am perſuaded, added he, that it is concerning Icoglan; for he is not yet returned.—I ſlipt on a robe-de-chambre, and deſired that the duke would enter.—Pardon my boldneſs, madam, ſaid he, entering; but you ſee a man diſtracted. You have but too well read my heart: I confeſs I adore the lovely Turk who is in your ſuite; but we are, perhaps, on the point of loſing her

her for ever.—How? cried I.—By the horrible jealouſy of the princeſs P***. She has cauſed her to be carried off this night; and there are no lengths to which ſhe is not capable of going. I could not help burſting into a violent fit of laughter at theſe words. The duke ſtood fixed with aſtoniſhment. Reflecting, however, that the young man might run ſome danger,—I am vexed, ſaid I, for the princeſs, as the laugh will no doubt be againſt her. Know, that this pretended rival, who has given ſuch alarms to the princeſs, is a young man in my ſuite.—Is it poſſible? cried the duke.—Very poſſible, replied I. We muſt, however, think of procuring the poor captive his liberty: but it muſt be done ſo as to conceal, as much as poſſible, the ridiculouſneſs of the adventure.—

I immediately charged Salmoni to go to the princeſs from me, to requeſt to ſpeak to her in private, to explain to her the jeſt ingenuouſly, to aſſure her that I had no concern in it, that I ſuppoſed her to be acquainted with it as well as the reſt of the company, and to beg that ſhe would reſtore a perſon who belonged to me. Salmoni departed. I deſired the duke to withdraw into another apartment, till I was riſen: I then

rejoined

rejoined him. We took chocolate together: we talked over the ſtory of the night: he turned off the joke with a laugh; and I agreed that his being caught was very excuſable.

Salmoni ſoon returned. He informed us, that the princeſs had ſet off, at five o'clock in the morning, in a coach and ſix: that he had in vain interrogated her ſervants, none of whom would give him any information; though, from the embarraſſed manner in which they anſwered him, he doubted not that they had it in their power. He had, beſides, noticed, in the court of the princeſs's hotel, a berlin covered with dirt, the horſes of which, reeking with ſweat, were unharneſſing, and which was apparently the carriage that had carried off the poor Icoglan in the night.

The affair now appeared to me more ſerious. I was grieved to ſee that this miſtake would make a noiſe, which muſt inevitably cover the princeſs with ridicule, which I had wiſhed to avoid.—How did you diſcover this affair? ſaid I to the duke.—From one of the princeſs's ſervants, who is entirely devoted to me: but the ſecret was ſo well kept, that he could not inform me of the place deſtined for the reception of her prize.—After a long conſultation, I ſaw no ſtep

we

we could take to deliver poor Icoglan, but addreſſing myſelf to the chief magiſtrate of Leghorn, and complaining of the inſult that had been offered me in the perſon of a man who belonged to me, when, on a ſudden, we heard the noiſe of a carriage in the court of the palace. Salmoni, running to a window, cried out,—There he is!—He flew to meet him, and a moment after preſented to us Icoglan, who, in his ſultana's habit, entered ſmiling, and ſaid to me, with an air of gaiety, but at the ſame time reſpectful,—Pardon, princeſs, the uneaſineſs which I have no doubt given you, but it was the fault of my charms, and that fatal gift had like to have coſt me dear. Your dream, ſir, ſaid he to the duke, appears to be vaniſhed as well as mine; and I need not fear appearing before you with my dreſs a little deranged: one who has the happineſs to attract your notice, however, runs great riſques, I think.—

We could not avoid laughing at this ſally of Icoglan: his preſence had reſtored our ſpirits; and we were eager to inquire what adventures he had met with. I will ſatisfy your curioſity, ſaid he; but firſt permit me to take chocolate, as I am half dead with fatigue, hunger, and even a little fear; for I aſ-

ſure

ſure you, I did not paſs all the night in merriment. When he had taken his chocolate, he began thus.

I had ſcarce left off dancing with you, ſir, addreſſing himſelf to the duke, when a well-dreſſed man whiſpered me, that one of my friends from Rome wiſhed to ſpeak to me, and not willing to enter the ball-room in his travelling dreſs, requeſted me to ſtep out for a minute. I knew that my ſex was a ſecret only to you and the princeſs P***, and of courſe was not in the leaſt ſurpriſed at this propoſal, which certainly would not have been made to a woman. I went out, therefore, without any miſtruſt. The man who had ſpoken to me offered me his arm, which I accepted with a coquettiſh air. When we had paſſed the outer gallery, I aſked where the perſon was.—Only a ſtep or two off, anſwered the man.—Scarce had I ſet my foot on the ſteps which led to the ſtreet, when four men, maſqued, ſeized me: and he who accompanied me, putting a handkerchief into my mouth, and tying it behind my head, prevented me from crying out. They then forced me into a handſome carriage with ſix horſes. My conductor placed himſelf by my ſide, and two of the men in maſques on the front ſeat. I confeſs, at firſt, I was a

litt'e

little alarmed, fearing that the richneſs of my dreſs had tempted ſome thieves to this exploit; but the elegance of the carriage, and the ducal coronet, which I perceived on it, removed my apprehenſions. I naturally gueſſed that it was an affair of gallantry; and I muſt own, ſir, I gave you the honour of the adventure; laughing to myſelf at the humorous concluſion that ſuch an expedition, new in the annals of intrigue, would produce. The reſpect of my conductors confirmed me in my error. The handkerchief was removed from my mouth very ſoon after I had entered the coach, and the two men unmaſked. The firm perſuaſion I had that they were acting by your orders, reſtored my gaiety, and I entered into converſation with them. They were ſilent only with reſpect to my deſtination: Our diſcourſe was very jocular: and if, during this ſhort journey, they took me for a woman, they muſt have thought me not very reſerved. At length we arrived, about day-break, at a ſuperb country ſeat. They made me alight, and enter a magnificent chamber.—Here then, ſaid I, burſting out into a laugh, am I to receive my conqueror. The denouement will be pleaſant.—Will he be ſoon here?—Who?—The duke.—I doubt your ſeeing

ing the duke to day.—This anſwer put me out of humour. I thought on the fright my abſence would occaſion. I feared, too, that the wind might change, and the veſſel put to ſea. I aſked for pen, ink, and paper, they were refuſed me. I was going to fly into a paſſion, when my conductors ſaid, in a few minutes you will ſee one who will ſatisfy all your demands. This aſſurance quieted me. A baſon of ſoup was brought me: I took it, and began again to laugh with my keepers.

About ſix o'clock we heard a carriage enter the court.—The devil! ſaid one of my keepers, the princeſs is come ſooner than I expected: jealouſy has certainly almoſt turned her brain.—The princeſs? cried I.—Certainly. You are in the houſe of the Princeſs P***.—I now perceived all the danger of my ſituation. In an inſtant ſhe entered like a fury.—Now, wretch! thou art in my power. Nothing hinders me from ſacrificing thee this inſtant; but, to glut my revenge, I will reſerve that ſight for thy baſe lover.—I ſtood immoveable as a ſtatue, at theſe words. To diſcover who I was, would have expoſed me to another danger. She might, perhaps, inſtantly ſacrifice me to her reputation, which

which would ſuffer much from ſuch a ſtory, if it got abroad.

She immediately called one of her women, and ordered a bath to be prepared for her. Whilſt this was doing, ſhe loaded me with invectives, for a quarter of an hour. At length ſhe quitted the room where I was, to go to the bath; pulled the door violently after her, double locked it, and went away.

It was with difficulty I could recollect myſelf after what had paſſed. I ſtood ſome time fixed to the ſpot where chance had placed me: at laſt my courage returned. I was on the ground floor. Hearing no perſon ſtirring, I gueſſed that every one was taking reſt after the fatigues of the night. I opened ſoftly one of the windows, which looked into the garden. I ſtole gently out of it, fortunately gained the adjoining park, ran acroſs it, and found myſelf in a high road which is contiguous to it.

Eſcaped thus from my firſt danger, I was ſenſible of the one to which my dreſs expoſed me. I began, therefore, to take off my diamonds, and put them into my pocket: then giving myſelf up to the direction of Providence, I followed the road without knowing whither it led. After walking about a quarter of an hour, I heard a carriage. It was empty.

empty. I aſked the driver to what place he was going. He anſwered to Leghorn. I requeſted him to convey me thither: but the ſtate in which he ſaw me made him heſitate. A few ſequins removed his ſcruples. I got into the carriage.—I fled as faſt as poſſible from the poniards of Madame P***: and here I am arrived ſafe.

As Icoglan's dangers were over, we laughed heartily at his adventure. It cured the duke of his inclination to eſpouſe the princeſs. His family was inferior to few; he had great expectations, and could not, therefore, fail of a ſuitable match; not ſo rich, perhaps, but which would contribute more to his happineſs. He wiſhed to quit Leghorn, and accompany us to France, that the adventure might blow over. To this he aſked my permiſſion, which I readily gave. His love for the falſe ſultana, changed to the tendereſt friendſhip for Icoglan. They were of the ſame age, both extremely gay, and of the beſt diſpoſition: it was natural, therefore, for them to form an intimate connexion. We agreed to conceal the hiſtory of the princeſs P***'s jealouſy, as much as poſſible; but our precautions were vain. Icoglan appeared the ſame day at Leghorn in his own dreſs. He contributed

ſo much to the amuſement of every one at the ball, that all were careſſing him. The princeſs, enraged at the eſcape of her prey, diſmiſſed ſome of her ſervants on the occaſion. They recollected Icoglan, and ſpread every where the ſtory of his being carried off; ſo that, in ſpite of our cautions, the princeſs became the talk of the whole city. This is the conſequence of our paſſions, when not under the reſtraint of reaſon. Happy for us, when their ill-effects are confined to ridicule!

I met with no difficulty in prevailing on the captain of the French frigate to take on board the duke of Med***. His preparations for the voyage were ſoon made. Icoglan aſſiſted him. One morning a gun fired from the frigate informed us that ſhe would, according to all appearance, ſail in the courſe of the day. The duke de Med*** gave me and the French officers a delightful breakfaſt, in a charming pleaſure houſe, which he had on the ſea-ſhore. We had plenty of time, as the captain would not ſet ſail till the wind appeared ſettled, that I might not be expoſed to the inconveniences of the ſea more than was neceſſary. At length he informed us that it was proper to embrace that which now offered. We went in the pinnace

on

on board the frigate, which, having already got under way, lay to for us.

CHAP. XIII.

Landing of Maria Cecilia at Toulon.—Arrival at Paris.

WE had a very pleaſant paſſage, and in four days arrived at Toulon. I thanked the officers of the French frigate for their attention to me, and, finding carriages waiting, I made but little ſtay and ſet off for Paris. We travelled by ſhort ſtages, as I have before obſerved was my intention. Out of civility I had admitted the duke de Med * * * into my carriage, yet I had not done ſo without a kind of reluctance. I could eaſily perceive that his attentions to me were ſomething more than ſimple politeneſs, and the ſituation of my heart did not permit me to be ſenſible to a new paſſion. I thought, however, that Madame Salmoni ſeemed to approve his wiſhes. The duke was a man of conſiderable rank, and very amiable: he was

not rich, but his expectations were great; and I had a fortune ſufficient to enable us to wait patiently till they ſhould be fulfilled. Theſe were my friend's ideas. Her aim was to ſee me married according to my rank; and ſhe hoped that a new attachment, and the ties of matrimony, would entirely efface from my heart the remembrance of the Chevalier de ***, who having now taken his vows, was altogether loſt to me. But love does not reaſon thus; nor is it to be extinguiſhed even by the loſs of hope.

I ſaw that there was a confederacy formed againſt me. The duke endeavoured to make himſelf appear to me in the moſt advantageous light; and I muſt do him the juſtice to own, that he merited the attachment of no common heart. Monſieur and Madame Salmoni were inceſſantly entertaining me with his good qualities, and all they had heard at Leghorn of his generoſity, courage, and nobleneſs of mind. They let no opportunity eſcape them of remarking to me his wit, the evenneſs of his temper, and the agreeableneſs of his company. As to Icoglan, his brain was turned with him: he never ſpoke of him but with enthuſiaſm. I perceived this league againſt my liberty, and promiſed myſelf to hold firm. It was not long

before

before an occaſion offered of explaining my ſentiments.

I ſpent a few days at Lyons, to reſt myſelf; and there, as every where elſe, I excited the public curioſity. I was loaded with honours and amuſements. In this city I firſt began truly to conceive an high idea of the wealth and power of the French empire, and the extreme politeneſs of that people. I had ſcarce time to form a wiſh, before that wiſh was accompliſhed in twenty different ways. I endeavoured to ſhew my gratitude to the inhabitants of Lyons, by appearing in public, at the walks, theatre, and aſſemblies, as much as poſſible. Every where I was received with acclamations: every where I experienced the gallantry of the French nation. After a fortnight's reſt I departed from Lyons: the preſſing ſolicitations I received, not permitting me to quit that city before.

During this interval the duke had declared himſelf. I anſwered him without anger, but with ſuch coolneſs as to leave him no great hope. Without leſſening his attentions to me, he had condemned his paſſion to the ſtricteſt ſilence, nor once mentioned it till we arrived at Fontainbleau.

To view that palace, which was built by Francis I. I wiſhed to ſpend a day

there. I loved that king, who had formerly united his arms to thoſe of my anceſtors, and, on account of that alliance, was accuſed of hereſy, at a diet held in Germany, by his proud rival Charles V. I traverſed the apartments of the palace with the duke, and chance left me tete-a-tete with him.—This, ſaid the duke, was the abode of the moſt gallant man that ever exiſted. How happy was he in being a king! to be beloved, he had but to command.—Do you think, ſaid I, thoſe favours, for which we are indebted to power, and not inclination, are very agreeable to him who receives them? and would you be loved in that manner? It would be better than not to be loved at all, which is a torment I have experienced ever ſince I had the honour of knowing you. But muſt I give up all hope? and do you preſerve your heart for a rival, of whom I cannot even enjoy the pleaſure of being jealous, as he can no longer aſpire to your hand?—You do not ſhew much addreſs in recalling to my mind, what alone ſhuts my heart againſt you. Do not think it to be either hatred or indifference, that makes me reject your vows. I am ſenſible of your worth: your only fault is having come the ſecond.—Heavens! I am but too happy.

You

You do not hate me: leave me the pleaſing hope, that time may ſubdue the enemy that oppoſes me.—I wiſh it: but I am perſuaded I know my heart better than you: it is incapable of change.

How trifling a circumſtance can flatter a lover! Theſe few words, which, in reality, ought to have deſtroyed his hopes, had a contrary effect: they revived them. He had been ſad from Lyons to Fontainbleau: he now reſumed his gaiety; and I am obliged to confeſs, it was not eaſy to conceive a perſon to be more amiable. I then found that Salmoni and Emilia were entirely devoted to him: they ſhared his joy, and the latter afterwards ſpoke to me openly in his favour.

Is it poſſible, ſaid I, that you, who have loved with ſo much conſtancy, can imagine it to be ſo eaſy to change?—I had always hopes, ſaid ſhe, of again ſeeing Salmoni; but the Chevalier de *** is for ever loſt to you.—That, ſaid I, weeping, is not a reaſon why I ſhould love another.—We neither of us convinced the other: but, to ſay the truth, we were neither of us aware of a circumſtance, that placed a great difference between two hearts equally the victims of love. She was upwards of forty, I was but eighteen.

We at length arrived at Paris. I went to lodge at the *hotel de* ***. The duke was very desirous of being in the same house; but I opposed it; and Emilia, so much his friend as she was, pointed out to him, that the care I ought to take of my reputation rendered it highly improper. He asked permission to visit me. To this I consented, as I could not refuse it to a man whom I had suffered to travel with me.

On our arrival at Toulon we were apprized of the death of the regent. I foresaw that his decease changing the political views of the court, I should remain in ignorance of the motives which had made him desirous of my residing in France, and I was not deceived. At the end of two months I was presented at court: but neither the king, nor the ministers, gave me the least hint of the secret springs which had given rise to the solicitations that induced me to undertake my journey to France. I had not, however, the less honour, respect, and attention, paid me: and all Paris, where mode is every thing, was mad after the handsome Turk for a few days, and then thought no more of her. My fortune putting me above the necessity of asking favours, I did not appear under the disagreeable character of an importunate person

perſon, and of courſe met with more reſpect from the great. By degrees I ſaw myſelf falling into the rank of a wealthy individual, young and handſome, whoſe door fortune ſet open to people of diſtinction, yet who, confounded in the crowd, lived on a perfect equality with all thoſe to whom opulence gave the ſame rights. My pride did not altogether reliſh this equality. But ſuch is the capital of France, and the wife of a financier, who poſſeſſed a few millions more than I, had a right to beſplaſh me with the mud of her carriage. The pleaſures, however, with which Paris abounds, and which my youth permitted me to enjoy, forced me frequently to loſe ſight of that confuſion of ranks which vanity made me feel.

The prince de ***, father of the chevalier, had not been one of the leaſt eager to ſee me. I received him as the parent of the only man I loved in the world. I conceived for him the tendereſt friendſhip. His appearance announced at once goodneſs of heart and nobleneſs of mind. His hair was white; and, notwithſtanding my antipathy to old men, the ſight of him, far from diſpleaſing, had inſpired me with the moſt affectionate confidence. It is true that, at fifty-five, he had none of the diſagree-

able marks of old age, except a certain air of gravity, which had hung over him ever ſince the death of the princeſs his ſpouſe, whom he paſſionately loved, and which threw into his countenance an appearance of moroſeneſs.

When he ſpoke to me, he appeared ſo affected with the oppoſition he had made to his ſon's love, and the pleaſure he would have received from his being happy with me; at the ſame time ſo clearly convincing me of the ſolidity of the political reaſons which had compelled him to oppoſe that union, reaſons founded not only on the fortune of his ſon, but alſo on my own intereſt, that I was compelled to acknowledge him to have acted moſt prudently. We mingled our tears together. He talked to me of his ſon with ſo much affection, that I loved him the more, and ſaw in him a father who would be dear to me whilſt I lived. I accuſtomed myſelf to beſtow on him the tendereſt careſſes; and I thought that I had omitted an eſſential duty, if I paſſed a day without viſiting him. Thus, from the pureſt motives, I unſuſpectingly prepared for myſelf the moſt cruel vexation I ever experienced.

He was not long without obſerving the aſſiduities of the duke de Med * * *.

He

He mentioned it to me. I made no ſecret to him of the ſentiments of my heart, and the little progreſs the duke had made in my affections. He could not avoid blaming my coolneſs to the duke, whilſt he praiſed my fidelity to his ſon. He repreſented to me the advantage of ſuch an alliance, which would introduce me into a family related to the greateſt part of the ſovereigns in Europe; and he finiſhed by ſaying, with an emotion which I then attributed to the intereſt he took in my welfare, that he wiſhed to ſee me united to a man worthy of me, even at the expence of half his blood.

The two firſt years of my abode at Paris I ſpent in ſeeing all that city affords, and in every kind of pleaſure, that a ſelect ſociety, compoſed of the beſt company of the city and the court, could procure. I frequently went to Verſailles, and Louis XV. always received me with diſtinction: he gave not a ſingle entertainment to which I was uninvited. I led what may be called a moſt agreeable life. I had nothing to trouble me but the love of the duke, and that inceſſant repetition of ſpeeches of gallantry, with which the beaux of France make it their glory to load a pretty woman. Could they be ſenſible how

how diſguſting this practice, which they make their chief ſtudy, is to a thinking woman, who is not devoid of principle, they ſurely would not take ſuch pains to render themſelves ridiculous.

I wrote frequently to the chevalier. I related to him every thing that happened to me, and my opinion of the Pariſians. He anſwered me with punctuality; and his letters made me amends for the little vexations I occaſionally received from his countrymen.

For ſome time, however, I had experienced a more ſubſtantial cauſe of uneaſineſs. Emilia's health was declining. It had been injured by a miſcarriage, the conſequence of which was a conſumption. She waſted viſibly, and I was truly alarmed. Thoſe ſentiments of affection, which fate had denied me to beſtow where nature demanded, had been turned on her. In her I ſaw a mother; and the moment that would deprive me of her, repreſented itſelf to my imagination with all its horrors. Beſides my own grief, I had to ſupport the uneaſineſs of her huſband, who daily repaired to me to vent the ſorrow he felt from the ſituation of his wife; and, to conſole him, I was obliged to aſſume a tranquillity that my mind was far from poſſeſſing.

Emilia

Emilia ſcarcely ever went out. This confinement aroſe, in ſome meaſure, from fear. Icoglan had mentioned that he one day ſaw ſome Turks, who ſeemed to notice him with attention, and that afterwards, they were frequently in the ſtreet in which we lived. He had the imprudence to impart his ſuſpicions to Emilia. Theſe, which had, perhaps, no foundation but in his own fancy, made a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind of a woman naturally timid. From this time ſhe daily grew worſe.

To calm her apprehenſions, I addreſſed myſelf to the magiſtrate of the police, who deſired I would make myſelf eaſy, as he would take ſuch precautions as would make me as ſecure as if I were in the ſeraglio of my father.

All this I related to Emilia; but her fears were not to be ſurmounted: and, though ſhe did not ſuffer them to be quite ſo viſible, I perceived that the unexpected appearance of any perſon, or even the leaſt unuſual noiſe, particularly in the evening, made her turn pale.

The period now approached when the iron hand of misfortune was to lay hold of me, never to quit its graſp till I take refuge in the tomb. The philoſopher may laugh at preſenſions, but

their

their exiſtence is not leſs real. Of this I had too ſevere a proof. I could not caſt off a kind of melancholy, that, in ſpite of myſelf, lay heavy on my mind. I frequently aſcribed it to the ſituation of Emilia; but, on a ſtricter ſcrutiny, I felt, that it aroſe from a different ſource. It did not ſpring from diſappointed love; for when my imagination was employed on the chevalier, when I wrote to him, or received his letters, it ſenſibly diminiſhed, and thoſe moments were the ſweeteſt of my life. It was not diſguſt from being wearied with the paſſion of the duke; for, from the agreeableneſs of his diſpoſition, that was become much leſs inſupportable: and, if I did not love him, at leaſt I did not ſee him without a kind of pleaſure. What then could occaſion this melancholy? I knew not myſelf. My ſpirits were involuntarily depreſſed, my eyes overflowed with tears, and I ſpent whole hours in an inconceivable ſtate of dejection. The phyſicians aſſerted, that I had the vapours; but I was of a different opinion. My health was not impaired, my appetite was good, and my complexion had loſt nothing of its freſhneſs: it could only be a moral cauſe, therefore, as difficult to inveſtigate as to cure.

I had

I had another ſecret cauſe of diſquiet, that troubled me not a little, which I carefully locked up in my own breaſt. I had, for ſome time, remarked an extraordinary change in the prince de ***. He did not appear more cool in his behaviour to me, but more conſtrained. He no longer gave me the appellation of daughter without emotion; he ſeemed to fear the innocent careſſes I gave him. When I ſpoke to him of his ſon, he ſtill anſwered me with warmth of affection; but his eyes, in which rage was depicted, gave the lie to his mouth. If he found the duke with me, he became more grave; and I ſaw that it was difficult for him to behave with common politeneſs to that nobleman, for whom, at firſt, he had ſhewn the ſtrongeſt friendſhip. Some expreſſions, that dropped from him unawares, conveyed to my mind an information at which I ſhuddered. I perceived that I had excited in him a fatal paſſion, which had made this unhappy father become, againſt his will, the rival of his ſon.

This diſcovery made me tremble. Without daring to make a confidant of any one, I reſolved to give him no opportunity for an explanation. Whenever he viſited me, I took care not to be alone; and Madame Salmoni's ill

ſtate

ſtate of health ſerving me for a pretext, I declined going abroad. Thus he had no reaſon to complain of my ſhunning his houſe.

He gueſſed, from this conduct, that I had diſcovered his ſentiments; but they had made too great a progreſs to be reſiſted; and I ſuſpected, from the ſtudied cautiouſneſs of his behaviour whenever he came to my houſe, that he meditated ſome project, of which, ſooner or later, I ſhould be the victim.

CHAP. XIV.

Attempt to carry off Maria Cecilia.

ABOUT this time an adventure happened that confined me more ſtrictly than ever. A lady of my acquaintance, almoſt the only one who was not kept at a diſtance by the gloomy air which pervaded my houſe, came to viſit me one morning. It was in the beginning of the ſummer.—I am going for a few days, ſaid ſhe, to a little box which I have near the *bois de Boulogne*; come

come and paſs the day with me; it will amuſe you.—I refuſed it a long time. At laſt, ſeeing that it would be by no means diſagreeable to Madame Salmoni, I conſented. The duke was at Verſailles: Salmoni would not quit his wife. I told Icoglan, therefore, to join us; that we would expect him at dinner, and in the evening I would return with him.

We went in my friend's carriage. We found at her houſe no one but her huſband, two other ladies of my acquaintance, and two gentlemen who had accompanied them. Icoglan arrived at one o'clock. Thus our company conſiſted of eight perſons. My gaiety revived, and we ſpent the moſt agreeable day imaginable. Icoglan made us laugh till the tears came into our eyes. He mimicked, in the moſt whimſical manner, the old ſultanas of the ſeraglio, their ridiculous pretenſions to beauty, their affected airs of coquetry to fix the attention of the ſultan, when by chance he paſſed by them. In the grimaces of Icoglan we recogniſed fifty Pariſian dames, who ſtill exhibited their charms, and endeavoured to catch admirers, though far in the wane of life. Icoglan did not put himſelf into a ſingle attitude but we exclaimed,—See the old

counteſs

counteſs de B. the ducheſs de J. the preſident de Ch.—The day ſeemed to us all, indeed, but a ſingle minute.

When the evening approached, I prepared to depart; but they preſſed me ſo much to ſtay ſupper, that I could not refuſe.—My carriage is at your ſervice, ſaid the lady of the houſe, ſince you are determined to return to Paris this evening.—I knew that Salmoni and Emilia would not be uneaſy, as my friend had told them, that, at any rate, I ſhould not return till after ſupper. This was not ſpent leſs pleaſantly than the reſt of the day. It was prepared in the garden, under a bower of honey-ſuckles, and friendſhip and freedom gave it a zeſt. At ten I looked at my watch: I obſerved to my friend, that it was late, and requeſted her to let the carriage be got ready.—How ſilly! ſaid one of the ladies: it is the fineſt night, and the moon ſhines ſo pleaſantly, let us accompany her; it will be a walk for us.—Every one eagerly embraced the propoſal, and we gaily aroſe from the table. Croſſing the garden, Icoglan, always merry, made a very low bow to the moon. We aſked what new whim had now ſeized him.—I bow to her ladyſhip, ſaid he, becauſe ſhe is juſt in the ſame place as ſhe was the evening of your quitting the ſeraglio;

lio; and ſurely ſhe deſerves a little compliment for having procured us, by lighting you on your flight, the honour of having ſupped this evening with you. I am moſt indebted to her, indeed; for if we had both remained in Turkey, there is little reaſon to ſuppoſe that I ſhould ever have had the honour of ſitting at table with you. For ſuch a favour, it is but juſt that I ſhould drink a bumper to her health.—This ſet us all laughing afreſh: every one following Icoglan's example, drank a health to the moon, and we took the road to Paris in a merry mood.

My friends accompanied me to the end of *Cours-la-Reine*. I then requeſted that they would go no farther, as they had ſome diſtance to return home, and I had but a ſtep. (In fact I had only to croſs the *Place Vendome*, and ſhould be at home in an inſtant). Obſerving, that Icoglan was with me, and I had nothing to fear. We took leave of each other, and ſeparated, Icoglan giving me his arm.

We had ſcarcely taken fifty ſteps, when two tall men paſſed us. One of them ſaid to the other, *it is ſhe*; and the latter immediately ſeizing me, lifted me from the ground, and was running off with me. I ſhrieked out. Icoglan, who

was

was extremely active, drew his ſword, and ran the man through, who falling, dragged me with him. The other, who had nothing but a poniard, ruſhed on Icoglan like a madman, to revenge his comrade. He adroitly parried all his thruſts, without retiring from me, and would have ſoon diſpatched him; but two of the gentlemen who had ſupped with us, hearing my cries, ran to us, on which he took to his heels. The reſt of the company coming up, I was ſoon recovered. They examined the man that Icoglan had killed, and he recollected him to be one of the Turks, whom he had before obſerved. We were ſenſible of the danger we had run. We did not tarry long on the ſpot, to avoid the trouble this affair would have occaſioned us, if the guard had come by.

When we got home, we related to Salmoni what had happened, and agreed to conceal it from his wife, whom Icoglan's former ſuſpicions had but too ſtrongly affected. I ordered horſes to be put to a carriage for the ladies, who would not quit me till they ſaw me ſafe home. One of the gentlemen had the goodneſs to conduct Icoglan to a place of ſafety; and my friend's huſband went himſelf to the officer of the police, to whom he related the affair. That ma-

giſtrate

giſtrate iſſued his orders immediately to apprehend the companions of the dead man, and particularly him who aſſiſted in the attempt to take me away. There were five of them: they were all taken; but I have never heard ſince what became of them. The lieutenant of the police wrote to me the next day, that I might make myſelf perfectly eaſy; that he would anſwer with his life for my having nothing to fear; and that the young man, who had ſo bravely defended me, might again appear in Paris without dread of any inquiries being made, as the perſon killed was not a ſubject of the king of France. Thus terminated an affair which had given me ſome reaſon to be alarmed.

The news ſoon ſpread over all Paris; and nothing was talked of, for ſome days, but the carrying away the Turkiſh princeſs. The prince de * * * flew to my houſe; and the terror which this adventure gave him would have betrayed his ſecret, had I not already gueſſed it. He was for going inſtantly to Verſailles, to requeſt of the king that a guard might be appointed for me: and that thoſe, who, having the charge of the police, had not taken ſufficient care of my ſafety, might be puniſhed: in ſhort, that the magiſtrate, who had thus

ſuffered

ſuffered the laws of hoſpitality to be violated in my perſon, ſhould be diſmiſſed from his office. I had all the difficulty imaginable to reſtrain his zeal; but I could not avoid an explanation; and the converſation introducing it in ſpite of me, I was obliged to hear a declaration of his love. I tried all the powers of reaſon, honour and friendſhip, to ſtifle in him a paſſion, which I could never return, and which was ſo much the more affronting to me, as I knew that he could not offer me his hand, his immenſe fortune being almoſt wholly dependant on his not marrying again; and thus he could not do it without robbing his children, and particularly his eldeſt ſon, the idol and hope of his family, of an eſtate to which they had the moſt undoubted right.

I ſaw a man in deſpair. He felt all the force of my reaſoning; but he was under the maſtery of an unſurmountable paſſion, whoſe violence made me tremble. At length convinced, that prayers, gentleneſs, and even careſſes, were vain, and ſeeing that he carried his audacity ſo far as even to reproach me with the love I preſerved for his ſon without any hope of a legal union, I aſſumed that dignity which ſuited my birth, and threatened him, if he continued to perſecute

ſecute me, to addreſs myſelf to the king, and to aſk him, whether the daughter of the Ottoman throne was not to find protection in his kingdom from the inſults of his ſubjects.

He knew my character: he knew that I was capable of carrying this threat into execution. He ceaſed, therefore, to trouble me, and departed, but with a threatening look. I ſaw that he meditated revenge for the inſult he ſuppoſed he had received, and I reſolved to be more than ever on my guard againſt him.

One perſecution left me but to make way for another. The duke, informed at Verſailles of what had happened to me, returned to Paris like a man out of his ſenſes.—This, ſaid he, is the conſequence of your unjuſt rigour. If you had accepted my hand, now that I am in full enjoyment of all my rights, would the aſſaſſins have dared to ſeek you, where you would have been a ſovereign?—Then he would give himſelf up to tears, ſighs, and complaints, and, in ſhort, commit all the abſurdities of which a lover, fearing for his miſtreſs's life, can be capable. This ſcene was the more diſagreeable, as Madame Salmoni was preſent; and thus learnt all that we had ſo cautiouſly concealed

cealed from her. At this news, that unhappy woman was more dead than alive: and the magiſtrate's letter with difficulty appeaſed her fears in a ſlight degree. Already put out of humour by the interview which I had juſt now with the prince de * * *, and irritated by the indiſcretion of the duke, I gave him a very cool reception. But on this occaſion I had more need of firmneſs than ever. They both united in the duke's favour, and I was the leſs capable of defending myſelf, as, at bottom, I had no good reaſon to give. I brought myſelf off by the uſual ſubterfuge on ſuch an occaſion; that is, by demanding time, and promiſing, at ſome future day, to accede to their wiſhes.

No one knew, however, what paſſed in my mind. The chevalier was ſtill entirely maſter of my heart. I could not conceal from myſelf, that this love was without hope; but his conſtancy ſupported mine; and I could not ceaſe to admire that courage which had led him to take his vows. When I firſt arrived at Paris, I had accompanied Emilia to the abbey of Val-de-Grace, where ſhe had a friend. We ſpent ſome days in it. The devotion, quiet, and content, that reigned in that houſe, ſo worthy of being admired for the great ex-

amples

amples of virtue which it has always given, made a deep impreſſion on my mind. In that calm retreat, ſaid I now to myſelf, will I finiſh a life tormented with an unhappy paſſion. I will imitate the example of the chevalier: fate having denied me to him, he has ſought conſolation from his God; I will do the ſame, and there find again that peace which has ſo long been a ſtranger to my breaſt.

The importunities of the duke de Med * * *, and the fatal diſcovery of the prince de * * *'s flame, had heightened my deſire of retiring from the world. I, with ſorrow, perceived that Emilia could not live long. I waited for the moment in which I ſhould be deprived of her, then to accompliſh my deſign; and by aſking of the duke time to come to a determination, I flattered myſelf that I could protract the buſineſs till that period ſhould arrive.

The adventure which had juſt happened to me, tended to confirm me in my reſolution. If the emiſſaries of my father had not abated the diligence of their enquiries in twenty years, had I not reaſon to fear being ſtill for a long time expoſed to them? I had eſcaped the danger once; and many times, perhaps, had I been ſurrounded with ſnares, which

I did not perceive. Could I always reckon on the ſame good fortune? And what perſecution might I not expect in the ſeraglio, to compel me to renounce that religion, which would there be thought a crime, if I ſhould ever become the victim of the ſchemes formed to entrap me? In retiring from the world, I ſhould be ſafe from all theſe dangers. This ſtep I at length determined on, as ſoon as death ſhould cloſe the eyes of Emilia, when a fatal event, with which all Europe and Aſia rung, ſuſpended my reſolution, and put off, for a long time, the ſacrifice of my liberty.

CHAP. XV.

Achmet, father of Cecilia, depoſed.

MADAME Salmoni had been worſe for many days. We were in the greateſt conſternation. Her huſband was inconſolable, and I was not much better than himſelf. She went off ſlowly, and, to the laſt, retained all her ſenſes. We were not abſent from her a moment.

We

We reſtrained our tears, and affected a tranquillity we were far from poſſeſſing, in order to calm her mind. She was well convinced, however, of her ſituation, and called in the aſſiſtance of religion to enable her to ſupport the cruel ſeparation. Father Luke, a capuchin, who joined to the greateſt piety, juſtneſs of thought, a cultivated mind, and an unimpeached probity, was her conſtant companion for ſix months; and taught her to ſupport, with courage, the terrors of death, and the painful ſenſations which her affection for us often conveyed to her heart. Thoſe moments in which ſhe gave a looſe to her love were particularly painful. Perceiving, by her weakneſs, that her laſt hour was approaching, ſhe had deſired the conſoling preſence of her God. The *viaticum* was brought her; and that auguſt ceremony was ſurely the moſt affecting ſcene in the world. I can ſcarcely, even, now, conceive how I could ſupport it. She felt ſufficient ſtrength to riſe on this occaſion. It was about five o'clock in the evening. She was on her knees when the prieſt approached to adminiſter to her the communion.—O my God! ſaid ſhe, a miſerable ſinner expects thy coming with impatience; but how ſhall I, laden with iniquities, dare to appear be-

fore thy throne? What prayers can obtain pardon for all my tranſgreſſions? It is to you, my daughter, ſaid ſhe, taking me by the hand, that I ſhall owe this ſignal favour. Yes, my God, it is ſhe whom I have ſnatched out of the paths of error, whom I have torn from the boſom of worldly greatneſs, that unhappy ſnare which ſteals ſo many hearts from thee, whom I have delivered from the bonds of idolatry, to conduct into the light of thy truth, that I offer as an atonement to ſoften the rigour of thy juſtice. Let her virtues intercede for me, O God: let them be placed betwixt thy wrath and a trembling ſinner. Let that terrible moment, in which thy creature is about to appear before thee, teach her, that all in which we pride ourſelves on earth will one day vaniſh like a dream, and that all of which I have deprived her is but as duſt at the day of judgment. And if the prayers of ſinners be more agreeable in thy ſight, O God, recompence me by ſhowering down thy bleſſings upon her.—

We all melted into tears, and I was in a ſituation not to be deſcribed. The prieſt himſelf could not withhold his; and the affectionate exhortation, which he gave to Emilia, was frequently interrupted with ſobs. She only was calm.

Religion,

Religion, and the duty ſhe was performing, alone occupied her mind: peace and confidence brightened her dying eyes, and beamed from her countenance, grown wan with diſeaſe.

The awful ceremony ſeemed to have ſoftened the ſeverity of her pains, and for the few days ſhe ſurvived it, ſhe ſeemed more at eaſe. Salmoni, Icoglan, and I paſſed the night with her in turns. In vain ſhe endeavoured to prevent us from doing it: we inſiſted on it: and though ſhe had nurſes, our tenderneſs for her would not permit us to rely on the care of any one but ourſelves. The night following the ceremony I have mentioned, it was my turn to watch. For a long time ſhe had ceaſed to take any ſleep. At midnight I diſmiſſed Icoglan and Salmoni, and, during the remainder of the night, ſhe diſcourſed on the ſublimity of religion, and the comforts which they, who have always followed its laws, feel in the hour of death. She afterwards imparted to me the little arrangements ſhe had made; and put into my hands a little box, containing the ſecurities of my fortune, for which I had never yet aſked her, and the fetfa of the ſultan, which atteſted my birth; informing me of the reſpect due from every muſſulman to

this badge of authority. She told me alſo, that ſhe had placed in the hands of father Luke what ready money ſhe had of mine, which was a conſiderable ſum. This prieſt, who was taking a moment's repoſe in an arm chair by the fireſide, confirmed this to me. At ſeven o'clock ſhe appeared inclined to ſleep, and I ſtole ſoftly from her bed-ſide.

Salmoni entered the inſtant after. I made ſigns to him, that ſhe was ſleeping, and we withdrew into another apartment. I acquainted him how ſhe had paſſed the night. Looking on me with a tender concern.—princeſs, ſaid he, your kind attentions to my ſpouſe fill me with gratitude; but let me intreat you to moderate them; they will finiſh with deſtroying your health alſo.

It is nothing, ſaid I: what paſſed yeſterday deeply affected me, and may, perhaps, have cauſed the ſlight alteration in my countenance, which you obſerve; and I am certain it would go off, were I to take the air for a minute.

Well then, ſaid he, do me the honour to accept my arm. Emilia is aſleep; Icoglan is ſtirring, and will not leave her; we are at the gate of the Boulevard, let us go thither to take the air for a quarter of an hour; the weather

is

is fine, and it muſt be of great ſervice to you.

An involuntary movement, which I cannot account for, brought the tears into my eyes at this propoſal. Salmoni perceiving it, and, attributing it to the ſituation of his wife, ſaid,—you afflict yourſelf too much; let me beg you to take care of yourſelf for my ſake. What would become of me at this cruel moment, had I not the ſupport of your friendſhip?—Wiping my eyes, I took his arm, and, after ſatisfying ourſelves that Emilia was aſleep, we went out.

After a few turns on the Boulevard, I obſerved to Salmoni, that I grew faint, and ſeemed as if I wanted ſome refreſhment. We are at a little diſtance from home, ſaid he; you, perhaps, will not have ſtrength to reach ſo far: I would recommend to you to go into a coffee-houſe, if you have no objection. It was early; and, at Paris, no one thinks any thing of a woman's being ſeen at ſuch a place. I readily agreed to it. Salmoni ordered coffee: luckily there was no one there, and we breakfaſted alone together. Salmoni aroſe to pay for our coffee. I accidentally caſt my eyes on a newſpaper lying on the next table: they naturally ſtopped at the article *Conſtantinople*. The firſt words that

I read were: "Yeſterday the janiſſaries "went in a body to the ſeraglio, and "having proclaimed ſultan Mahomet V. "depoſed the ſultan Achmet."—I could read no farther. I gave a ſhriek. Salmoni ran to me.—Good God! what is the matter?—O my father! my unhappy father! was all I could ſay; and I fainted away. The miſtreſs of the coffee-houſe came to my aſſiſtance: I was carried to a private apartment, and laid on a bed. In a little time I came to myſelf. During this time Salmoni had looked over the fatal newſpaper, and eaſily diſcovered the cauſe of my diſtreſs. He was on his knees at the ſide of the bed when I recovered; and his firſt words were,—be comforted, princeſs; your father is not dead; notwithſtanding the prevalence of cuſtom, their reſpect for him has ſaved his life.—Is it poſſible? ſaid I. Do you not deceive me?—To convince me, he read the paragraph.—If it be thus, I will quit France: I will fly to give him all the aſſiſtance in my power, to ſhare his priſon. At this moment perhaps he has not a ſingle friend to partake in his griefs!—Salmoni thought it beſt to let the firſt effuſions of my paſſion vent themſelves uncontradicted, and take a

future

future hour to point out to me the difficulty of the attempt.

He ſent for a coach immediately; and whilſt we were waiting, the miſtreſs of the coffee-houſe, who had learnt, from our diſcourſe, who I was, and the cauſe of my fainting, could not avoid ſaying, whilſt ſhe expreſſed her ſorrow for my having learnt the news in her houſe, that the newſpaper was now an old one, and it was ſtrange I had not known it ſooner. She added, that later advices gave a particular account of this event, of the magnanimity which my father had diſplayed on the occaſion, of the noble ſpeech he had made to his ſucceſſor when he quitted the throne, and of the liberty given him, out of reverence to his virtues, of retiring to Amaſia, where, though he was not permitted to go any where without a guard, he was expoſed to no danger, as his nephew, when he ſeized the ſceptre, had ſworn, that his life ſhould ever be held ſacred.

This, in ſome meaſure, allayed my grief. The coach arrived, and having amply recompenſed the miſtreſs of the houſe for the care ſhe had taken of me, finding myſelf ſufficiently recovered to ſupport the motion of the carriage, I

ſtepped into it with Salmoni, and we returned home.

I could not conceive how the knowledge of this event had eſcaped me. I had already complained that ſeveral numbers of the paper, which was commonly brought me, had been neglected. I ſoon diſcovered that the friendly attention of Icoglan had been the cauſe of this. He had learnt the news, to which all Paris was no ſtranger; and foreſeeing it would be in the public papers, he had taken care to prevent all thoſe in which it was mentioned from coming to my hands. He had imparted his deſign to Monſieur and Madame Salmoni, and the duke of Med * * *, who all approved it.

On my arrival, Icoglan came to aſſiſt me to alight. She knows all, ſaid Salmoni to him. They both ſupported me to my apartment. The poor Emilia ſeemed to collect all her ſtrength to give me conſolation: ſhe would be carried in a chair to my bed-ſide.—Why do you afflict yourſelf? ſaid ſhe. He lives, and lives with glory. Seldom do we derive new luſtre from our fall; but your father's has proved to the whole world that he was a hero. He has loſt ſome of his grandeurs: but are grandeurs to be depended on? He had great virtues; and

of

of thoſe virtues it was not in the power of man to deprive him. The fall of your father is, perhaps, an example the moſt conſolatory that heaven could give the world: it teaches us, that our fame depends on ourſelves alone, and not on adventitious circumſtances.

The duke entered immediately after, and I then diſcovered his real worth. Your misfortune, amiable princeſs, ſaid he, renders you but the more dear to me. It was not the daughter of a ſovereign that I admired in you, it was the moſt eſtimable woman I knew. You have loſt nothing by the misfortunes of your auguſt father, nor are you leſs in my eyes the object moſt worthy of reſpect in the univerſe.

I then acquainted them with my intention of going to ſeek my father, and pay him, whilſt under his misfortunes, thoſe duties which nature demanded at my hands. They pointed out to me all the dangers to which I ſhould be expoſed, and did all they could to diſſuade me from an enterprize, which to them appeared impracticable. But I had always the misfortune to be obſtinate in my reſolves. My reſolution was fixed; and though I ſeemed to yield to their objections, it was merely to get rid of a converſation,

verſation, that brought unpleaſing ideas to my mind.

On this occaſion I was ſenſible of the different effects of love: in ſome it elevates the mind, in others it debaſes it. The facility of conqueſt, which a great name, large fortune, and amiable perſon beſtow, frequently blinds the beſt heart, by leading it to ſuppoſe, that there is no woman who can reſiſt thoſe attractions. This miſled the prince de ***, who, a worthy man in the eyes of all the world beſides, was a contemptible wretch to me alone. I had ceaſed to ſee him, ſince the explanation in which he had gone ſuch lengths. I had been careful, however, not to acquaint the ſon with the father's paſſion, as it would have highly alarmed his ſenſibility. Nor was I perfectly at eaſe on the chevalier's account, many poſts having arrived without my hearing from him; and this ſilence afflicted me not a little.

The depoſition of Achmet III. renewed the hopes of prince de ***. He now ſaw in me only the daughter of a dethroned potentate: a perſon, therefore, of no conſequence; in whoſe fate the ſovereigns of Europe would no longer intereſt themſelves, becauſe I could no longer ſerve their political purpoſes: perhaps a woman without reſource; as,

not

not knowing on what my fortune was founded, he might ſuppoſe, that I depended intirely on the Turkiſh court for my ſubſiſtance. Judging of me, no doubt, by the women he had been acquainted with, he thought my pride would have fallen with my fortunes, and that, adapting my ſentiments to the degradation of my eſtate, I ſhould be too happy to depend for every thing on his bounty, whilſt he might poſſeſs me without ſubjecting himſelf to the ties of marriage, into which, as I have before obſerved, it was impoſſible for him to enter.

Joining audacity to ſuch an abſurd opinion, he paid me a viſit, in which he explained his ſentiments to me, without employing the leaſt delicacy to gloſs them over. On his entrance I received him with affability, as, notwithſtanding our former breach, I ſtill beheld in him the father of the man I loved. This deference appeared to him a happy omen; and flattering himſelf at once with ſucceſs, he affronted me with a declaration in the plaineſt terms. I own I was ſtupefied: rage rendered me motionleſs. Recovering from this kind of lethargy, into which pride and reſentment had plunged me, I rang the bell. My ſervants entered.—The firſt time, ſaid

ſaid I, that this man knocks at my door, let him be refuſed admittance. Then riſing, be gone, ſaid I haughtily; yes, though you are prince de * * *, I will make you repent this inſolence. He went out with a ſmile, ſaying,—You are too handſome for time not to ſoften this violent temper.—A look of contempt was my only anſwer.

Who would believe it! the prince de * * * was perfectly a man of honour, brave, generous, beneficent, popular, and of an unimpeached probity. If any one doubt it, after learning his paſt and future conduct to me, I would ſay,—It is becauſe you are not a Frenchman; you are unacquainted with the higher claſs of people of the French capital, who have ſtruck out of the liſt of ſocial virtues what we owe to women; and yet theſe people boaſt of ſerving them. In my country they are confined, 'tis true; but they are never expoſed to inſult.—

I imagined that the treatment he had received would entirely free me from the viſits of the prince de * * *. I carefully concealed this ſcene, fearing the revenge which Salmoni, Icoglan, and eſpecially the duke of Med * * *, would take for the inſult offered me. Fatal caution! which brought me to the brink of a precipice, and was the cauſe of the

greateſt

greateſt of my misfortunes. I cannot even now think of it without ſhuddering.

Let the reader, who fears to have his heart ſoftened by the tender emotions of pity, here ſhut the book. A continued ſeries of misfortunes cover the remaining part of the canvas: ſcenes of calamity, horror, or pity, are all that I have now to paint.

CHAP. XVI.

Death of Emilia.

THE loſs of my dear Emilia is the firſt that offers itſelf to my trembling hand. That dreadful moment at laſt arrived, which was to ſeparate me for ever from my mother, my counſellor, my beſt friend, the only good, except the Chevalier de * * *, that attached me to life. Beloved, reſpected woman! If, in the grave, thou can ſtill be ſenſible of what paſſes on earth, how many ſighs muſt the fate of thy ward have coſt thee! Of all that ſhe received from

from thee, ſhe has nothing left but her virtues.

For ſome days ſhe had every now and then been ſeized with fainting fits; and the phyſician could not conceal from us, that they were the fatal preludes to the dreaded cataſtrophe. Father Luke profited by ſome intervals, to adminiſter to her the laſt offices of the church. She was not alarmed, but paſſed the remainder of the day pretty peaceably. In the evening, as we were ſitting by her bedſide, ſhe took my hand and that of her huſband.—Princeſs, ſaid ſhe to me, to you I recommend this poor unfortunate; he merits it; I am ſure he will never forſake you. I bathed her hand with my tears, and aſſured her, that I would always conſider him as my beſt friend. Her huſband was choaked with ſobs: he could not ſpeak a word.—Do not afflict yourſelves, my friends, ſaid ſhe; I ſhall not leave you yet; I do not feel myſelf ill. Would you, by your tears, prevent my converſing with thoſe who are dear to me? Let us change the ſubject. Icoglan, I will ſee if you have a good memory: bring me a gilt caſket, which you will find on my toilet. Icoglan did ſo. Riſing gently, ſhe ſat up in her bed, and opening the caſket, took out of it a jewel, which ſhe preſented

preſented to him.—I can ſcarcely think, ſaid ſhe, that you recollect that jewel.—Pardon me, fair Fatima, ſaid Icoglan, with a ſmile, after having examined it, it was ſent you by your relation from Ormus, and delivered to me for you by my good friend there.—

It has given you ſufficient trouble for you to deſerve a little pleaſure from it. Will you permit me, my friend, ſaid ſhe to her huſband, to preſent this to the companion of my ſlavery?—Salmoni fell on Icoglan's neck, and, taking his hand, preſented it to his wife, who put the jewel into it.

Supper time being come, we aſked, whether our ſupping at her bedſide would not diſturb her. She aſſured us, it would, on the contrary, afford her pleaſure. She was cheerful during the ſupper: our ſituation may eaſily be ſuppoſed. We admired her fortitude. With full hearts, and tears ſtanding in our eyes, we endeavoured to conceal our grief by forced ſmiles. Cyprus wine was ſerved at the deſert.—This, my dear friend, ſaid ſhe to me, was the firſt nouriſhment you received: I gave you your firſt glaſs of wine: in return give me that which will apparently be the laſt I ſhall drink.—I obeyed her, and, with a trembling hand, gave her a drop. She

drank

drank it to our health: May you, my friends, live long; I ſhall leave you ſoon.—Father Luke, perceiving the ſituation ſoftened her too much, turned her thoughts imperceptibly to that infinite bliſs, which would recompence her loſs.

About midnight ſhe had a fainting fit, which continued much longer than the preceding ones, and alarmed us highly. Her ſenſes returned, however, about two o'clock. She wiſhed to diſcourſe with father Luke, and we retired. At four ſhe deſired us to be called. She embraced her huſband tenderly, preſſed me to her boſom, and gave her hand to Icoglan, who watered it with tears.—Adieu, my friends, ſaid ſhe; do not forget a woman, who has lived only to love you. Preſerve thoſe virtues which I know you to poſſeſs, that we may meet again; for I die in a firm perſuaſion, that God will receive me to his mercy. I have wiſhed but for one favour; it was to give you all my laſt bleſſing. God has heard my prayer, and I go to him with confidence. I feel my hour is approaching—I feel—Adieu!—Her head ſunk—her eyes cloſed—ſhe ſlept in the boſom of eternity.

Father Luke dragged us from the mournful ſight. That worthy prieſt did not

not quit us. He did every thing to conſole us, calling in the aid of religion, ſo powerful to enable us to ſupport affliction. Icoglan took charge of the laſt duties paid her by our friendſhip. Her funeral was ſuitable to her fortune, and the rank ſhe held about me. Her unfortunate ſpouſe was unable to aſſiſt at it; and Icoglan and I attended her to the grave.

I paſſed ſix weeks with Salmoni, ſhut up from all the world, without ſeeing any perſon, not even the duke of Med * * *. At this time, however, I told Salmoni plainly, that, whatever difficulties might be ſtarted, I was reſolved to go to my father, to acquit myſelf of the duties impoſed on me by nature: duties ever ſacred, notwithſtanding the difference of religious opinions. When he found my reſolution was taken, and that nothing could diſſuade me from it, he told me, that he would accompany me; and if I periſh, ſaid he, in the enterprize, at leaſt I will periſh in ſerving you.

However ſmooth the ſentiments of my heart had made every difficulty to my imagination, the undertaking was not the leſs raſh in itſelf. To what great and inevitable dangers ſhould we not be expoſed in Turkey, excluſive of thoſe

thoſe inevitable in ſo long a voyage? No one is ignorant of the riſk a Turkiſh woman runs, who has quitted the muſſulman religion, to embrace the Chriſtian: and it was very poſſible that I might be diſcovered. How difficult muſt it not be to approach my father, a dethroned ſultan, undoubtedly ſurrounded with ſpies? And would not the ſecret viſit of an unknown perſon, that muſt be conſidered as a foreigner, highly alarm the Ottoman jealouſy? Beſides, to what puniſhment would not Salmoni and Icoglan be expoſed, were they known; the former as a Chriſtian ſurprized with a Turk, the latter as a Turk faithleſs to Mahomet? All theſe perils, which preſented themſelves clearly to my imagination, the affliction of the duke of Med * * *, the extreme inquietude which I ſhould give the Chevalier de * * *; nothing, in ſhort, was capable of balancing in my mind a ſtep which, to have diſpenſed with, I ſhould have thought a ſacrilege.

I reſolved, ſhould I eſcape ſo many dangers, and be once more brought by Providence to a Chriſtian land, to dedicate myſelf wholly to the ſervice of religion. The preſent ſtate of my fortune rendered a retreat in ſome meaſure indiſpenſible. Since Emilia's death, I had learnt

learnt the failure of the banker in Italy, to whom the greateſt part of my fortune was intruſted. Ten thouſand livres a year were all that I had left. This ſmall portion of the wealth I once poſſeſſed appeared to me ſufficient for a dowry in the houſe of which I ſhould make choice. Father Luke who had four thouſand louis d'ors of mine, gave them to me ſoon after the death of my friend. This ſum was ſufficient for the expence of my voyage. Should I fall a ſacrifice to my attempt, and my friends ſurvive, I ſhould not leave them diſtreſſed. Salmoni had a competence; and, having no children, it was to be preſumed, that Icoglan, whom he loved as his own ſon, would be his heir. Whether, therefore, it were my lot to die, or to eſcape, I had no uneaſineſs about the future.

I recommended to my two friends, to keep my departure a profound ſecret. I wiſhed to avoid the uneaſineſs that the perſecutions of the duke of Med * * *'s love, which became every day more violent, whilſt the change in my fortune ſeemed to give him ſtill more right to expect being liſtened to, muſt give me. Little did I think myſelf on the eve of being freed from his love by the moſt terrible cataſtrophe!

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Maria Cecilia quits Rome with the Chevalier.

EVERY preparation was made for my voyage on the ſixth of the month, the twelfth of which was fixed for my departure. I was deſirous of having a paſſport, that I might meet with no difficulties on my journey. The court was at Fontainbleau. I went thither from Paris on the eighth, with the deſign of aſking the miniſter for it myſelf. A ſlight indiſpoſition confined Salmoni at home, and I wiſhed to leave Icoglan at Paris for ſome trifling buſineſs which remained to be finiſhed. I ſet off, therefore, alone, in my poſt-chaiſe, with one running footman. On my arrival at Fontainbleau, I repaired to the miniſter, to whom I imparted my deſign, and the need I had of a paſſport. He promiſed me one: but thinking the king might wiſh to have it drawn it up in a fuller manner than uſual, he would firſt take his orders on the ſubject. In fact, about nine in the evening, he had the politeneſs to come incognito himſelf to bring it me. It was not only written in

in the politeſt terms, but intended alſo to ſerve me as a letter of credit, if I ſhould have need of one. He told me, that the king conſidered this journey only as a leave of abſence, which he granted me, and that he promiſed himſelf I ſhould, on my return, give the preference to his dominions to take up my abode in. I anſwered, that it was my intention, as I had received too many favours from ſo great a king not to deſire ardently to ſee him again, and that I certainly ſhould not have departed without teſtifying my gratitude to him perſonally, if it had not been ſo: but the ſecreſy which I thought it neceſſary to keep concerning my journey, giving all the world reaſon to ſuppoſe that I was not abſent, I had declined ſo pleaſing a duty, as it was of much conſequence to me to conceal my departure from many perſons of his court. The miniſter took upon himſelf to repreſent my regret to his majeſty, and explain to him the reaſons which had hindered me from preſenting myſelf at the palace.

After the miniſter had left me, having nothing more to detain me at Fontainbleau, and being informed that the roads were ſafe whilſt the court reſided there, I ſent for horſes to return to Paris. It was near midnight when I ſet out.

out. The moon ſhone bright, and I had not the leaſt apprehenſions. The road is much frequented, and I had always a degree of courage, which prevented my being a prey to thoſe ſilly fears ſo uſual in my ſex.

I had got about five leagues on my journey, and my footman was ſome way before me. I was ſleeping in the carriage, when, on a ſudden, the poſtillion ſtopped; and I heard ſome voices threatening to blow out his brains if he advanced a ſtep. I imagined myſelf amongſt thieves, and prepared to give them what I had about me without heſitation. I let down the window: a man opened the door, and deſired me to alight. On my making a ſlight reſiſtance,—Do not compel us madam, ſaid he, to uſe violence.—At this I alighted. Another man took me in his arms; and I obſerved, on the right of the road, a carriage with ſix horſes. Let the reader judge of my fright when I diſcovered the man, who aſſiſted me to alight, to be the prince de ***.—Monſter! cried I, ſtruggling to prevent my being put into the carriage that ſtood ready. A berlin paſſing by at the inſtant, my cries drew the attention of thoſe who were in it. I redoubled them, in ſpite of the efforts my raviſher made to ſtop my mouth. I heard

heard a perſon cry out,—Heavens! 'tis Cecilia!—I knew the duke of Med * * *'s voice.—Save me, ſave me, cried I.—The prince, enraged at this interruption, leaving me to his ſervants, advanced to the duke.—Who are you, ſaid he, that oppoſe my deſigns?—The lover of that lady, anſwered the duke, and the enemy of all thoſe who inſult her.—You can be no one but the duke of Med * * * then, replied the prince, and ſee in me a rival who has long thirſted to ſacrifice you to his hatred.—Their ſwords were drawn, and, notwithſtanding the diſparity of age, a furious combat began.

I can ſcarcely now conceive how I ſurvived the ſurpriſe, fright, and horror of the ſcene I have to relate. Whilſt they were engaging with equal addreſs and vigour, a poſt-chaiſe from Fontainbleau, the noiſe of which had not interrupted the combatants, arrived on the field of battle. I bleſſed heaven for ſending the duke and me ſuch a timely reinforcement. I continued crying out, imploring the ſuccour of thoſe in the chaiſe. It ſtopped. A young man haſtily leaped out.—Heavens! exclaimed he, do I not deceive myſelf? Is it my Cecilia?—The aſtoniſhment into which I was thrown by the ſound of that loved

voice, for it was the chevalier, ſuſpended all my faculties. The prince de ***, who knew the voice as well as I, turned this unexpected event with incredible policy to the accompliſhment of his horrible project. Wearied with an engagement, that, from his advanced age, could not but terminate fatally to him, he cried out inſtantly,—Is it you Chevalier de ***,? Is it you my ſon? Protect your father and your miſtreſs.—My hair ſtood erect with horror at this execrable diſſimulation. I ſaw the danger of the unhappy duke of Med ***, who was on the point of falling a victim to that generoſity, which had brought him to my aſſiſtance. I ſaw that the chevalier, deceived by the artful words of his father, was about to caſt me himſelf down the precipice, and that I ſhould be ſacrificed by that hand which was moſt dear to me. I attempted to ſpeak, but my ſtrength failed me: and what could I have ſaid to three madmen, who were blinded with rage? The prince de ***, too brave, however, to engage two againſt one, left the field of battle to his ſon, and, without waiting the iſſue of the combat, ran to me, caught me in his arms, put me into the carriage, ſtepped in after me, and in a few minutes we

were

were far from the bloody ſcene. The combat did not long remain undecided: my laſt look ſaw the duke fall beneath the ſword of the chevalier.

I had hitherto preſerved my ſenſes; but when, finding myſelf alone in the coach with the prince de ***, I reflected on the ſudden appearance of the chevalier whom I imagined at eight hundred leagues diſtance, and the ſad fate of the duke of Med ***, who, for being my defender, fell by the hand of the only man on earth I loved, who, on his part, thought himſelf fighting in my cauſe, and when I thought of the danger I myſelf ran, now the prince de ***, had me in his power, my ſtrength forſook me, and I fainted, crying out vengeance.

My cruel raviſher did not ſlacken his pace to give me any aſſiſtance: he merely applied ſome ſalts to my noſe. For a long time this application was in vain: but the motion of the carriage, the freſhneſs of the air now day began to break, and my involuntary horror of the prince, who preſſed me in his arms to ſupport me, recalled me to life. We entered Paris, and in a few moments were at his door.

I then felt that I had need of all my reſolution, and the ſight of inſtant dan-

ger revived all my courage. The prince gave me his hand to alight, and conducted me to his cloſet. When we were alone, he attempted to excuſe the inſult he had offered me, by imputing it to the violence of his love. He informed me, that he was acquainted with the recent loſs my fortune had ſuſtained, which ought to make his liberal offers more acceptable to me. I ſuffered him to talk without interruption. When he had finiſhed, I anſwered him, with all the coolneſs of which I was capable.—There are but two things that oppoſe your wiſhes, my virtue and my pride of blood. I am in your power, but if you employ force, I ſhall find avengers. That, however, will be unneceſſary, as I know you will ſuffer me to depart. He was going to laugh at this idea, when ſuddenly drawing two piſtols from my pockets, which I put into them on my leaving Fontainbleau, and which I then recollected, I preſented one at his breaſt, and the other at my own head.—The leaſt motion, ſaid I, and we are both dead. If you neither reſpect my ſex, nor my rank, at leaſt dread my courage.—The tone in which I ſpoke theſe words, the rage that flaſhed from my eyes, my firmneſs, and above all his knowledge of my character, froze him. He ſtood petrified

trified. I did not think it proper to give him time for reflection: I opened the door: I went out; not as a woman flying through fear, but as a conqueror who had juſt dictated laws to his opponent. He neither dared to follow me, or even to ſpeak a ſingle word. I quitted the cloſet, and was ſoon in the ſtreet.

At firſt I could ſcarcely walk. I was like a perſon juſt awaked from a fatiguing dream. I yet doubted whether I had eſcaped from the dangers I had run. I was advanced ſome little diſtance from the prince's houſe with the two piſtols ſtill in my hands. I recollected the impropriety of this circumſtance: I then put them up haſtily. Luckily it was early, there were but few people in the ſtreet, and my agitation was not obſerved.

I had ſcarce gone a hundred paces, before I met the chevalier, who no doubt was going to alight at his father's. I ſtopped his carriage.—Where are you going? ſaid I. You know not all the horrors of this fatal night: permit me at leaſt to have a little converſation with you before you go to your father. Ah, chevalier! was it thus we were to meet? —He requeſted me to come into his carriage, and we drove to my houſe.

Salmoni and Icoglan, who little expected him, embraced him tenderly; and the ſcene our meeting offered for a quarter of an hour was extremely affecting. I ſhould find it difficult to relate what paſſed in my heart. Joy at ſeeing the chevalier, the fright his father had thrown me into, the grief I felt for the death of the duke, and the fatigue I muſt have undergone in ſuch a night, oppreſſed me at once. I retired to my bed, and when I was lain down, I admitted my three friends to my chamber.—Ah, my dear chevalier! ſaid I, you thought yourſelf this night ſnatching me from a vile raviſher: but know that your father was that raviſher, and that the duke of Med * * *, whom you killed as innocently as inconſiderately, was, like you, defending me from the inſult with which I was threatened.—

It is eaſy to conceive the aſtoniſhment of all three. I had hitherto carefully concealed from every one the paſſion of the prince de * * *. If the reader has not forgotten the nobleneſs of mind of the chevalier, the reſpect he bore his father, and the confidence he had of my having found friends and protectors in all of his family, he may eaſily form an idea of the pain he felt from my narration of what had happened to me, and par-

particularly of the events of the preceding night. He could not forgive himself for having ſlain a man who was generouſly defending me, nor could he drive from his mind the conduct of his father.

I then gave him an account of the preſent ſituation of my fortune, and the reſolution I had formed to go to my father. This ſtep was perfectly conformable to the principles of the chevalier, and I expected that he would approve it. I then tenderly reproached him for having ſuffered me to be ſo long without hearing any thing of him.—Do not be diſpleaſed with me for it, ſaid he: I have been three months on a cruiſe, in a Malteſe galley, of which I have the command. I had put into Toulon to refit. Unable to reſiſt the deſire of ſeeing you, and impatient to embrace my father, I left my veſſel, which I found would take ſome days in repairing, in charge of my lieutenant, and making the moſt of the time I could ſpare from my duty, I travelled night and day from Toulon to the unfortunate ſpot where I met you. Think of my ſenſations when I heard your voice and that of my father! Had a precipice been at my feet I ſhould have leaped down it to fly to your aſſiſtance. I had reckoned to paſs two

days with all that was dear to me in the world, to embrace you, and depart. Heavens! was I to take ſuch a journey to find a father criminal, and to become ſo myſelf!

Salmoni, who had liſtened to us with attention, grown prudent and cautious from years and experience, ſaid to us,—There is no time to be loſt; we muſt all ſet off to-day, for the following reaſons. This adventure will no doubt make a great noiſe: the duke is related to the firſt families in the kingdom: they will endeavour to revenge his death: your father's influence, chevalier, will protect you; but the affair will not be ſoon terminated, and perhaps even your liberty may be in danger: you are here without leave, and your quitting your command may be made a crime: you muſt depart without ſeeing any one, and leave thoſe who have been the cauſe of ſo many misfortunes, to ſave themſelves as they can. You, madam, may be involved in the difficulties ariſing from this adventure, and public report is always injurious. It is beſt, therefore, to avoid theſe. We intended to take the road through Lyons: to conceal our journey, let us take that through Bordeaux, which leads alſo to Provence. The chevalier will accompany you. All four of us may go

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in your berlin, and all ſhall be at a diſtance, before it will be known what road we have taken. Your own horſes will take us a few poſts; and your paſſport is ſo drawn up, that no one will dare to refuſe you horſes in any place.

We agreed on the reaſonableneſs of Salmoni's advice. In leſs than an hour our baggage was put into my carriage, and at noon we had left Paris.

I confeſs I now thought myſelf freed from a heavy load, which had long born hard upon me. The love of the prince de * * * had embittered my life, and that of the duke of Med * * * had been a torment to it. I could no longer bear to live in a houſe where every thing brought Emilia to my remembrance. I was with the only perſons for whom I felt any affection; and was returning to my father, or rather going to ſee him for the firſt time. On all theſe accounts I felt a joy which had long been a ſtranger to my heart.

Our converſation naturally turned on what had happened; and we were endeavouring to diſcover how the prince de * * * became ſo well informed of my actions, as to place himſelf ſo opportunely on the road from Fontainbleau to intercept me. After a long time attempting in vain to gueſs the

ſource of his intelligence, I, on a ſudden recollected, that the lacky, who then rode before me, had never ſince made his appearance.—He, no doubt was the traitor, ſaid I, corrupted by the prince's gold. The prince was certainly at Fontainbleau: that villain acquainted him with my being there; and, I now remember, I could not conceive the reaſon of my not getting poſt horſes till twelve, when I had ordered them at nine: it muſt have been with deſign for the prince to have time to make his preparations, and be ready on the road to meet me. I remember too, that, on my ſhowing ſome unwillingneſs to ſet off at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour, he endeavoured to perſuade me, that there was not the leaſt danger.—

This idea appeared moſt probable to us all; and we ſhall ſoon find that I was not miſtaken. Whilſt we were diſcourſing on this ſubject, we arrived at Eſtampes, where we took poſt horſes. I ordered my coachman to ſell my horſes immediately on his return to Paris, to diſcharge the poſtillion, take a place in the ſtage coach, and join us at Toulon, where, by taking the road through Lyons, he would arrive as ſoon as we ſhould. I knew the truſtineſs of this

this man; and he was the only one of my ſervants that I choſe to retain.

We did not ſtop till we came to Poitiers. There we ſpent a few hours, as I was in need of reſt; the horrid night, on which I left Fontainbleau, having extremely fatigued me; and I had not been in bed for three nights, except the few minutes I lay down before leaving Paris. Salmoni, however, was too prudent to permit us to ſtay long. The chevalier expected to find his galley thoroughly repaired on his return, and had offered to carry me to Naples, where I ſhould eaſily find a veſſel to ſome port in the Levant, from which the journey to Amaſia, by land, would be very eaſy. In two days we arrived at Bordeaux; and, continuing our journey through Toulouſe, ſtopped at a ſmall town, called Villefranche-de-Lauraguais, a few leagues beyond it. At this place we ſtaid two days to reſt ourſelves, preferring it to a larger city, where we ſhould be expoſed to more eyes, and, of courſe, more eaſily diſcovered, if any ſearch were made after us.

Eight days after our leaving Paris we arrived at Toulon. The chevalier found his galley refitted, and ready for ſea the next day. My coachman arrived the ſame day. For fear of not overtaking

us,

us, he had diſpoſed of my horſes at Eſtampes, returned immediately to Paris, and taking a poſt horſe the next day, rode from that city to Aix, before the poſt to Rome. By travelling thus expeditiouſly, he arrived at Toulon nearly at the ſame time as we did. He informed us, that before his departure, he had gone to my houſe, to learn if my domeſtics had heard any thing. The porter told him, that, the evening after we left Paris, a meſſenger came from the prince de * * *, to requeſt that I would go to his houſe, as he was extremely ill, and had ſomething to ſay to me before he died. Deſirous of having more certain information, he went into the neighbourhood of the prince's houſe, in which there appeared to be a great deal of confuſion; but, unfortunately, ſeeing no one whom he knew, he durſt not aſk any queſtions, for fear of being ſuſpected.

This account, obſcure as it was, produced an alteration in our plan. The chevalier reſolved to defer his departure a few days, that he might receive news from Paris. He obſerved to us, that, in fact, we had nothing to fear. As he had not been ſeen in Paris, the world was ignorant of his having been there, and, of courſe, would never ſuſpect him of any concern

concern in the death of the duke de Med * * *. Beſides, the moment he arrived at Toulon, he was commander of a galley of the order of Malta, and not a ſubject of the king of France; that, they would not dare, therefore, to violate the laws of nations by arreſting him. For me, the paſſport I had from the king would be my protection; but if there were any danger, I ſhould immediately go on board his veſſel, which would be a ſacred aſylum, where no one would dare to make any attempts upon my liberty, as I ſhould be conſidered as under the protection of a religious order.

This advice was readily aſſented to; and we awaited with impatience the arrival of a courier from Paris.

CHAP. XVIII.

Developement of circumſtances.—Death of the chevalier's father.

DURING the chevalier's abſence from Toulon, a ſervant of his had died. Another was inquired for, to ſupply

ply his place. One morning, when he was in my apartment, a man came to offer himſelf, and he was going out to ſpeak with him. As we behaved to each other with all that familiarity which travelling permits, I deſired that the man might be admitted, without his taking the trouble to go into another room. Having my permiſſion, the chevalier gave orders for his entering. On his advancing into the room, the moment he ſaw me, he ſhrieked out, and fell ſenſeleſs on the floor.—Good God! ſaid I immediately, 'tis that wretch *la Jeuneſſe*, who attended me to Fontainbleau.—

He was taken out of the room, and carefully guarded, whilſt means were employed for his recovery. The fright, into which the ſight of me had thrown him, convinced me, that I was not deceived in my conjectures, but that he was certainly an accomplice in the vile plot of the prince de * * *. When he came to himſelf, I directed that he ſhould be told to make himſelf eaſy, as I would not injure him, provided he were ſincere, and made a full confeſſion; adding, that I was already informed of all he had done, and was deſirous of a confeſſion from his own mouth, merely to know if he were capable of rendering himſelf

himſelf unworthy of my pardon by a lie.

A little encouraged by this promiſe, he ſwore that he would ſpeak the truth. When he was in a ſtate to appear before me, I ordered him to be brought in. We were all four preſent. Pale, trembling, and in tears, he fell on his knees the moment he entered the room. His appearance diſplayed not the confuſion of a villain who finds himſelf detected, but the remorſe of an honeſt heart led into the ſnare by ſome artful knave, and incited to the commiſſion of a crime by ſome temptation which he had not ſtrength to reſiſt. I was touched with his ſituation. I repeated my promiſe of pardon, and aſked what could have induced him to betray a miſtreſs who had put ſuch confidence in him.—Alas! madam, anſwered he, the inſtrument which the great employ to rob the poor of their honour, gold; that gold which renders contemptible both the giver and the receiver, when it is the price of a crime.—

I am pleaſed to ſee, ſaid I, that you feel the ſhame which your guilt ought to inſpire: go on with the ſame openneſs, and depend on my promiſe.

You remember, madam, the laſt viſit you received from the prince de * * *, after

after being acquainted with the misfortunes of your auguſt father. I was preſent when you ordered me and my fellow-ſervants never to admit him again. The prince had ever diſtinguiſhed me when he came to your houſe, and I had always the greateſt ſhare of his favours. The day after that viſit, a perſon came to inform me, that ſome one wanted to ſpeak with me at a neighbouring coffee-houſe. I went thither without any miſtruſt. Judge of my ſurpriſe when I ſaw that it was the prince himſelf who waited for me. I at firſt treated him with the reſpect due to his rank; but he forbad me, ſaying, that he was incognito, and my behaviour would betray him. He ordered me to to ſit down at the ſame table with him. I obeyed. He then deſcribed to me in ſo affecting a manner, his love for you, the ſeverity with which you treated him, the purity of his intentions, and the great advantage to you of the offer he made you of his hand, that I could not refrain from tears, or avoid taxing you with injuſtice. When he ſaw that he had wrought ſo far upon my temper, he aſked if I would refuſe his ſervices. I anſwered, that he might depend upon me in any thing which did not go to injure you.—Can you imagine, ſaid he, that I would injure

jure the perſon whom I love above all the world?—I confeſs my ſimplicity thought this an unanſwerable argument, and I vowed the ſtricteſt fidelity to him. Pleaſed with this aſſurance, he gave me an hundred louis-d'ors, telling me, that it was but an earneſt of his favours, and that I might conſider my fortune as made, if I ſerved him faithfully. All he aſked was, to be informed of your actions, from the little importance of which demand, I might be ſatisfied, that my ſerving him would be no breach of fidelity to you. After this converſation he left me.

Put yourſelf for a moment, madam, in the place of a poor fellow like me, who had never before poſſeſſed the tenth part of ſuch a ſum, who ſaw a great fortune within his reach, and who was led into the ſnare under the pretext of making you more happy. My head was turned. I gave him an exact account of every ſtep you took. You at length prepared for your departure, of which I informed him. I cannot now recollect, without trembling, the fit of madneſs and deſpair, with which he was ſeized at this news. A few days after, I learnt that you were going to Fontainbleau, and that I only ſhould have the honour of accompanying you. After a mo-

a moment's reflection, he ſaid to me, —I will be at Fontainbleau before her: when ſhe is going to ſet off, acquaint me with it: I ſhall be at ſuch a place; and if you can delay her departure for two hours, it is all I wiſh: you ſhall have a thouſand louis-d'ors for your trouble. I aſſured him of my zeal, adding, that I did not think it impracticable.

When you were at Fontainbleau, I went to the place appointed, and informed him of your arrival. He thanked me, aſſured me that he would not ſtir out, and that I might come to him at any hour. To ſpur my diligence, he ſhowed me the thouſand pieces ready for me. Of his ſcheme, I declare, I was ignorant. At nine o'clock you ordered horſes to return to Paris. I ran to the prince before I went to the poſt-houſe. He aſked me, how I could contrive to delay your departure for two hours, which would be neceſſary. I anſwered, that nothing was more eaſy. Inſtead of ordering horſes immediately, I would order them for eleven o'clock, and would tell you, that none being at home, you muſt wait their return. Satisfied with this expedient, he gave me the thouſand louis-d'ors; and, in the exceſs of his joy, cried, with a terrible oath,—At laſt

I have

I have her.—I then gueſſed his purpoſe. The large ſum I had received did not prevent my heart from being torn with remorſe. For the firſt time I found myſelf rich: for the firſt time I found myſelf miſerable. By turns was I tempted to acquaint you with it, to run away, or to haſten your departure. Never have I paſſed ſuch painful hours as thoſe which followed that unlucky moment. Now I was cut to the heart by my attachment to you, and now terrified by the power of a prince, from whom I could not eſcape, who might eaſily take vengeance of ſuch a poor fellow as I, for my infidelity to him. Eleven o'clock at laſt arrived, and your horſes were brought. I had given the poſtillion ſome money to tell you, if you ſhould queſtion him, that there were no horſes ready, as I had been enjoying myſelf at a public-houſe, and was afraid of being ſcolded. Theſe fellows are always in the intereſts of ſervants, and readily promiſed all I aſked. I could not avoid trembling when I ſaw you heſitate about ſetting off ſo late. I dreaded the prince's vengeance; and, dragged on by my fate, endeavoured to remove your fears. At length you departed. When I was paſſing the prince's carriage, he was on foot in the high road:

road: he ſtopped me, and obliged me to wait the arrival of your chaiſe. I was ready to die with grief, when I heard your cries. At that moment the duke of Med * * * arrived. Profiting by the diſturbance this occaſioned, I made my eſcape, and took the road to Fontainbleau on foot. Your cries ſeemed to purſue me, and upbraid me with my crime. I ran till I came to the foreſt; and, as heaven is not ſlow to puniſh the guilty, I was met by robbers, who ſtript me of the reward of my treachery, and all the gifts of the prince, except the firſt hundred pieces, which I had placed in the hands of a friend at Paris.

I arrived at Fontainbleau almoſt naked. Relating my misfortune, an officer of the navy took pity on me, cloathed me, and the ſame day I ſet off with him for Toulon. On my arrival here, thinking myſelf too near the ſcene of my crime, I determined to baniſh myſelf from my country for ever. Learning that the commander of a Malteſe galley wanted a ſervant, I thought it a favourable opportunity; but God, who watches the ſteps of the wicked as well as the good, prepared for me the greateſt puniſhment I could receive, by bringing me, when I leaſt expected it,

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into the preſence of an auguſt princeſs, whom I have ſo highly offended.—

Theſe then, ſaid I, are the terrible effects of the vices of the great; the corruption of the honeſt mind, and the involving the poor in their guilt. May this adventure, addreſſing myſelf to the man, be a leſſon to you. You ſee that ſhame and remorſe are all that is to be gotten by ſerving the paſſions of others. Honour is all that the poor man poſſeſſes in compenſation for his want of wealth. When he ſells himſelf to the rich man, he gives him a right to treat him with contempt. There are an hundred louis-d'ors to mitigate your loſs: I pardon you: withdraw.—

The unhappy man, melting into tears, fell on his knees, and, with his forehead on the ground, ſaid with ſobs,—Great princeſs, keep your gifts; and let me die, ſince I muſt loſe all hopes of dedicating the remainder of my life to your ſervice.—

I could not reſiſt this affecting prayer, which ſhowed that he was worthy of that favour, ſince he durſt aſk it. I conſidered him for a moment in that ſtate of humiliation.—O God! ſaid I, it is vice that teaches man to bend the knee before his fellow creature. Ye great, who ſport with the virtue of the weak,

weak, would you were here to ſee the abject ſtate to which the man whom you corrupt is reduced. Riſe: this trial muſt have amended your heart: I pardon you: ſtay with me.

This ſcene greatly affected us. We admired the ways of Providence, thus ſporting with the wiſhes and projects of mankind, and delighting to confound thoſe who employ guilty means to accompliſh their deſigns. Of this we had ſoon a ſtriking inſtance. Alas! it was the laſt gleam of happineſs that ſeemed to break out on my life, the tranſient light of which ſerved only to plunge me deeper into the thick gloom of misfortune.

I have already ſaid, that we impatiently expected news from Paris. They at length arrived. They were from a Malteſe, a friend of the chevalier, who had long correſponded with him. The chevalier brought them to me eagerly. —What a misfortune! ſaid he entering, and, at the ſame time, what a pleaſing hope. I may now flatter myſelf with one day having my deſtiny united to that of my dear princeſs.—What ſay you, chevalier?—He gave me the letter. It informed him, that the prince de ***, his father, was ſeized with an apoplexy, and died in three days: that this mournful

ful event was attributed to the grief he felt for the loſs of a wife, whom he tenderly loved: that, however, there was a myſtery hung about it which could not be penetrated: that the duke of Med * * * had been found run through the body, on the road to Fontainbleau: that it was learnt from the ſervants, that the duke and the prince had actually had a rencounter in that place, and that a woman was the cauſe of their diſpute: that it was not the prince, however, who killed the duke, but his ſon, who was in company with him: that the marquis de B * * *, a near relation of the duke, had, in conſequence of this report, met the eldeſt ſon of the prince, whom he fought, and killed.

His friend added, that this fatal cataſtrophe made him heir to the title and fortune of his father: that he would adviſe him to procure a diſpenſation from his vows; and that, in the mean time, he had taken care to execute in his name, all the formalities neceſſary on ſuch an occaſion.

It was evident, from this letter, that no one knew any thing of the chevalier's having been at Paris; and that my name was equally untalked of amidſt the various conjectures formed on theſe melancholy events. Our abode in France,

France, therefore, was no longer dangerous. A letter from the Malteſe ambaſſador to the chevalier confirmed all theſe accounts: ſo that their authenticity could not be doubted.

This produced a great revolution in the face of affairs. The chevalier de * * * found himſelf at once maſter of his own conduct, and an immenſe fortune. He could eaſily procure a diſpenſation from his vows: he was convinced of my love, and could not doubt my accepting his hand. Nothing leſs than ſuch powerful reaſons could have conſoled him for the loſs of his father, and ſoftened the remorſe he felt at being, in ſome meaſure, the cauſe of his brother's death: for it was obvious that the Marquis de B * * *'s ignorance of the chevalier's having been at Paris, had directed his vengeance to the elder brother, as the only one who could have ſeconded his father in his rencounter with the duke of Med * * *.

The news of the deaths of the prince de * * * and his ſon, were ſoon ſpread over Toulon. All the city came to pay their reſpects to the chevalier on the occaſion; and ſervice was performed in great pomp in honour of the deceaſed, at which the whole town aſſiſted. The biſhop of Toulon delivered the funeral ſermon. I was preſent incognito, having avoided making

making myſelf known in that city, to eſcape thoſe ceremonies to which I muſt otherwiſe have ſubmitted. The orator praiſed the virtues of the prince de ***, of which it muſt be owned he had many. But when, painting his love for juſtice, he celebrated the protection he had always granted to the weak, and particularly to that ſex whoſe only ſupport is their virtue, is it thus, ſaid I to myſelf, that the temple of truth is profaned? and do its miniſters thus impoſe on the people, by aſcribing to the great, who are no more, qualities which they never poſſeſſed? Can it be ſuppoſed that they will amend their lives, when their very vices, after they are dead, are changed to virtues, to blazen their memory? During the funeral oration of a great man, all thoſe whom he has oppreſſed ſhould be permitted to ariſe, and interrupt the orator, by a narration of the injuries they have received from the man whoſe praiſes he trumpets forth. This public accuſation, ſhadow of that terrible day of judgment, in which we ſhall appear before the throne of God, would be a far more powerful incentive to virtue, than all the panegyrics ſo liberally beſtowed on the dead. But no: flattery is ſo abject, that it would pay

homage even where it had nothing more to fear.

The chevalier was extremely desirous of returning to Paris, of giving his lieutenant the command of the vessel to conduct her to Malta, and immediately endeavouring to procure a dispensation from his vows, that he might offer me his fortune and his hand. He pressed me strongly to return: Salmoni advised me to it; and Icoglan fell at my knees twenty times a day, to conjure me not to refuse his friend this satisfaction. My own heart was, I confess, their accomplice, and pleaded against myself.—What, said I, shall love triumph over the duties of nature? My father is labouring under misfortunes, and shall I abandon him to go in pursuit of fortune? No, chevalier, my resolution is fixed. Whatever it may cost me, I will go to Amasia, see my father, embrace him in my arms, and return to be yours. Yes, I here vow to you, that I will return; and let my love guarantee my promise. This heart have I preserved to you, even when it had not a single ray of hope to support its constancy. I will bring it back wholly yours: I will bring you a spouse worthy you; a wife who, I trust, will not have a single action throughout her life to reproach herself with.

with. Agree with me, that, if the aſtoniſhing revolution, which has taken place in our deſtiny, were capable of making me forget the moſt ſacred ties of nature, I ſhould no longer deſerve your love.—

The chevalier could not but applaud my reſolution, and at laſt acceded to it, though with grief. It was determined that he ſhould conduct me to Naples, as had at firſt been intended: that he ſhould remain there during my abſence, and endeavour to accompliſh his purpoſe, whilſt he awaited my return. As delays increaſed his impatience, he reſolved that we ſhould embark the next day; and, the wind being favourable, he would put to ſea immediately.

We had made a much longer ſtay at Toulon than we had propoſed. The chevalier wrote to the grand-maſter by a ſmall veſſel, that was going directly to Malta, the reaſons which had detained him. He offered to indemnify the order for the expences which this delay might have occaſioned it, by the long ſtay of the crew in a foreign port; and finiſhed by requeſting his diſmiſſion, and the grand-maſter's intereſt in obtaining a diſpenſation from his vows. He wrote, at the ſame time, to his

friend at Paris, to acquaint him with his intentions, the abode he was about to take at Naples, and the time, when he might hope to preſent himſelf at the French court. To this he added a letter for the Malteſe ambaſſador, that he might ſolicit the mediation of the king with the pope, to releaſe him from the ties of his order.

CHAP. XIX.

A voyage, and ſea fight.

WHEN the chevalier had taken all the ſteps neceſſary previous to our departure, we went on board the galley. His care to render my paſſage as agreeable as poſſible had been extreme. The cabin deſigned for me was furniſhed with incredible taſte and elegance. He preſented me to his officers; and announcing me under my title of a Turkiſh princeſs, who was ſoon to be united to him by the moſt ſacred ties, they paid me every poſſible reſpect and attention. The chevalier

was

was adored by his comrades: and to this, more than to myſelf, did I owe their eagerneſs to ſhow their attachment to me. The chevalier took care that I ſhould be ſerved with truly regal magnificence. At my firſt repaſt on board the veſſel, he and all his officers were preſent to aſſiſt at my dinner; and he took upon himſelf to be my ſervitor. I ſtrongly oppoſed this exceſs of honour, and requeſted him not to deprive me of the pleaſure of eating with him and his friends, during the time we had to ſpend together. He yielded to my requeſt, and thenceforward no diſtinction was made.

Our paſſage was very agreeable; for though it was the depth of winter, the mildneſs of the climate prevented the cold from being diſagreeable, and the wind from being troubleſome. For a few days, however, we made but little way, and what wind there was, was contrary; ſo we had no reſource but our oars, or working to windward.

We had been ten days from Toulon, when, early in the morning, a veſſel hove in ſight. The chevalier and his officers examined her attentively with their glaſſes, and agreed that ſhe was a Tuniſian, of force inferior to us. On this, orders were given immediately to

chace. The chevalier came to me, to repreſent the little danger ſuch an engagement could have, that I might not be alarmed.—Beſides, ſaid he, fighting under your eye, I muſt conquer.—

The air of confidence and gaiety, which accompanied this diſcourſe, made me quite at eaſe; and being naturally courageous, I was willing to loſe nothing of a fight ſo new to me. I went upon deck, therefore, nor could I avoid admiring the noble ſatisfaction that appeared in the countenances of every one of the chevaliers, at the approach of a moment that would probably be fatal to ſome of them.

One action of a chevalier I ſhall never forget. We were all on deck, extremely gay. This young man came up to the chevalier ſmiling.—General, ſaid he, this raſcal of a Tuniſian may, perhaps, have a ſhot or two in one of his lockers intended as a preſent for me, that I may be forced to accept in ſpite of my teeth. Before I receive this favour, I wiſh to inform you, that yeſterday I had ſome words with the chevalier C***. But for this Tuniſian, we ſhould have fought as ſoon as we got aſhore. I do not wiſh to die in hatred with my comrades: I believe I was in the wrong: beg of him to receive my excuſes:

excuſes: and for this favour I promiſe you a few Tuniſian ears extraordinary. —The chevalier C * * *, who was preſent, fell on the young man's neck, with an effuſion of joy and friendſhip difficult to deſcribe. Every one in turn took him in his arms, and thus carried him as it were in triumph. The chevalier took him by the hand, and preſenting him to me with enthuſiaſm,—will you refuſe, ſaid he, to reward ſo noble a proceeding?—I was affected even to tears, and, ſharing in their tranſports, I embraced him heartily; then taking from my neck a rich diamond croſs of Malta, which I wore out of regard to the chevalier, I put it on him with my own hands, with a ſatisfaction which none can feel but thoſe whoſe hearts beat reſponſive at the ſight of a noble action.

We were now coming up with the corſair very faſt, as ſhe was a dull ſailer. The chevalier had placed four guns on the forecaſtle, which were brought to bear upon her; and, as ſoon as we were within half gunſhot, he began firing. The enemy then lay athwart our hawſe, and let fly a broadſide, which did us but little miſchief, as almoſt all her ſhot went on one ſide or the other of us. The galley ſtill ſtanding on, in ſpite of

the enemies ſmall arms, which played pretty ſmartly for about a quarter of an hour, ſhe grappled the corſair. The chevaliers inſtantly boarded her, with a courage new to the eyes of a woman, and, in leſs than ten minutes, were maſters of the veſſel. The Malteſe flag was hoiſted over the Tuniſian; and the chevalier, taking on board his own galley the crew of his prize, ſent ſome of the chevaliers, with a few ſailors, on board the latter; ordering them to make ſail for Genoa, from which port we were not far diſtant, to ſell the prize there, and proceed by land to join the galley at Naples, where we hoped to be in a few days.

In the evening we celebrated this little victory. Only two of the chevaliers were wounded, and five ſoldiers, and theſe but ſlightly. The enemy had ſix killed, and ſome wounded. They were but five and twenty at firſt; of courſe we made nineteen priſoners. The chevalier, who was extremely humane, directed the wounded to be taken great care of; and though they were all ſlaves by the laws of war, he treated them with generoſity, and endeavoured to make their chains ſit as eaſy as poſſible.

Though the chevalier many times, during the engagement, preſſed me ſtrongly

ſtrongly to retire to a place of ſafety, I was deſirous of ſeeing every thing, and would not quit the deck. Salmoni and Icoglan behaved nobly in this action. Icoglan, who had a great regard for the chevalier, did not quit him a moment; and, from the inſtant of their boarding the veſſel, he was always before him; and I many times obſerved the chevalier take him by the arm ſmiling, to have room to make a ſtroke at an enemy, from whom Icoglan was endeavouring to guard him.

In the evening my young knight made his appearance with ſeven or eight ſabres which he had taken from the enemy.—Princeſs, ſaid he, I have done but little to deſerve the croſs you have beſtowed on me; yet ſuffer me to lay at your feet this ſlender trophy, for which I am indebted to the honour of fighting under your auſpices.—We all laughed at this act of chivalry. I embraced him a ſecond time, and promiſed to take great care of the trophy which he had preſented to me.

We ſpent the evening with unuſual gaiety. It ſeemed as if the danger we had ſhared in common, had baniſhed all conſtraint and ceremony. I was taxed with imprudence, for uſeleſsly expoſing myſelf; but, at the ſame time, my re-

ſolution was praiſed, which had never once failed me. How, indeed, was it poſſible for me to withdraw? All that was dear to me was there; and I could not bear for a moment to loſe ſight of my friends in danger.

Whilſt mirth reigned amongſt us, I perceived Salmoni to be rather ſerious. I openly rallied him on it.—Princeſs, ſaid he, I aſſure you, I partake the general joy. If I have appeared thoughtful for a moment, it was not from ſorrow or chagrin. This was the reaſon: the perſon of one of theſe ſlaves ſtruck me. I have a confuſed idea of it, and was endeavouring to recollect where I had ſeen him; but in vain; this gave me, for a moment, that thoughtful air which your goodneſs obſerved. You ſee it did not merit the obliging attention with which you honoured it.

Nothing can be more eaſy, my dear Salmoni, ſaid the chevalier, than to ſatisfy your curioſity to-morrow. The ſlave is at your command, diſpoſe of him as you pleaſe; you ſhall interrogate him at your leiſure. Salmoni thanked him, reſumed his gaiety, and it was thought of no more.

The chevalier then taking Icoglan by the hand, ſaid,—You would not believe, my friends, that this was the man with whom

whom I was moſt diſpleaſed during the action. It is neceſſary that I puniſh him for having always inſolently placed himſelf before me, taking the lead of his commanding officer.—This renewed our laughing; and the chevalier, taking from his pocket a *chevalier ſervant's* croſs, put it on him, ſaying,—I will anſwer for the order's ratifying this preſent, to which I add a penſion of two thouſand crowns. And to puniſh you for this want of reſpect to the general of a galley, I baniſh you from Malta, to attend on that lady, till it ſhall be her pleaſure to diſmiſs you. All the chevaliers promiſed that he would be confirmed in his poſt by the whole order, and rallied him on his puniſhment of being exiled till I ſhould pleaſe to revoke the ſentence.

The night was pretty far advanced before we aroſe from table. Having need of repoſe, we ſeparated, with mutual promiſes to keep up that agreeable freedom which had reigned this evening.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Adventures of a ſlave.

THE inſtant Salmoni aroſe the next morning, he profited by the permiſſion the chevalier had given him to order the ſlave, whom he could not baniſh from his mind, to be brought before him. He examined him attentively a long time, without ſpeaking a word, and was confirmed in his opinion that he knew him; but ſtill he could not recollect where he had ſeen him. The ſlave, on his part, ſeemed to view Salmoni with an uneaſy curioſity, as if endeavouring to recall to mind features not unknown to him. Salmoni, at laſt breaking ſilence, ſaid to him in Italian, —Friend, I know thee; but tell me in what ſituation I have ſeen thee, and if I can be of ſervice.—The ſlave did not permit him to finiſh: an univerſal tremor ſeized him; the voice of Salmoni having brought him to his recollection. —O Mahomet, cried he, I am a dead man!—and falling at Salmoni's feet,—Ah! ſir, ſpare a life that has once already been nearly taken by your hand, and do not puniſh a wretch led aſtray by

by the temptation of wealth.—This diſcourſe, which was unintelligible to Salmoni, ſerved only to heighten his curioſity.—Whatever ill thou haſt done me, ſaid he, I pardon thee; and promiſe thee, not only to ſpare thy life, but to do every thing in my power to procure thy liberty. But ſatisfy my curioſity: how have I been near taking away thy life? What crime didſt thou commit againſt me? Speak, and fear nothing.—

The chevalier and I had now joined them, and were not a little attentive to the converſation. The ſlave anſwered, —I am unworthy of ſuch goodneſs, and heaven has undoubtedly brought me hither to expiate the crimes of which I have been guilty towards you. Do you remember, ſir, the galley ſlave, whoſe liberty you procured at Marſeilles, to conduct you to Iman, the merchant of Fez, who had carried off your miſtreſs? —Good heaven! cried Salmoni, it is he: I now know him.—Do you recollect, continued the ſlave, the man whom you ſtabbed under the wall of the ſeraglio?—The circumſtance I have not forgotten, ſaid Salmoni; but I never knew the man.—It was I. See before you the criminal who was ſeeking your deſtruction, the deſtruction of all that was moſt

moſt dear to you. Providence is juſt; it made me then ſurvive your ſtroke; but its patience is exhauſted, and it has prolonged my life only to offer you a more complete revenge in my ſlavery.

We were dumb with aſtoniſhment at this unexpected confeſſion.—Thou art the man that I ſtabbed, ſaid Salmoni, and thou art yet alive! How inſcrutable are the decrees of Heaven! but be comforted: I have ſworn to pardon thee, nor do I repent my oath. The princeſs, whom thou ſeeſt, whoſe intereſts thy audacity then betrayed, will guaranty my promiſe.—

Is that the daughter of Achmet? Is that the infant whom Fatima had in her arms? I am then more criminal than I thought myſelf. To make you fully acquainted with my conduct, continued the ſlave, I muſt go back to that period when I diſappeared from on board the tartan, which you hired for your paſſage from Marſeilles to Fez. That was owing to chance alone; nor was I then to blame. You may remember, that the heat was then exceſſive. That night the weather was calm: I was deſirous of bathing, but feared the ſailors would prevent me, if I mentioned it to them. With this deſign I ſtole to the poop: the helmſman was faſt aſleep. I ſtripped off

my

my ſhirt and drawers, and, taking hold of a rope, let myſelf down gently into the ſea. Having entangled my cloaths, they fell into the water after me. This circumſtance removed every trace of the manner in which I quitted the veſſel. I would not return on board to replace them, but let them float by my ſide till I had done bathing. You well know, that, in my country, men are ſo much accuſtomed to the water, and, from their infancy, habituated to ſwim whole days, that it is almoſt as much our element as the land.

After having well bathed, I remained a few moments on my back without ſtirring. The coolneſs of the ſea had allayed the velocity of my blood, too much agitated by the heat of the day. Would you believe it? Sleep ſurprized me in this poſition; and when I awoke, the wind having freſhened, the tartan was out of ſight. Judge of my fright when nothing but the ſea and ſky preſented itſelf to my view. Terror rendered me almoſt immoveable. My ſtrength began to fail me: I was afraid the leaſt motion would exhauſt it entirely; and, for ſix hours, I floated on my tomb, into which hunger and fatigue muſt ſoon ſink me. About noon I perceived a veſſel, and, from the courſe

courſe ſhe was ſteering, I judged that ſhe would paſs nigh me. Joy was now as near being fatal to me, as terror had been before. It gave me an univerſal tremor, which brought me within a hair's breadth of going down. Fortunately I calmed my agitation, and perceived clearly that the veſſel approached me faſt. Collecting all the ſtrength I had left, I ſwam to meet her. I ſoon after ſaw her hoiſt out her boat, and gueſſed that the crew had obſerved me. Not willing to give myſelf unneceſſary fatigue, I awaited patiently the boat's coming up to me. This it ſoon did, and I got into it. To deſcribe my feelings at that moment would be impoſſible. They were too much for me: I fainted.

When I recovered my ſenſes, I found myſelf in the cabin. My deliverers were round me; and, having given me every aſſiſtance in their power, queſtioned me on my ſituation. I related all that had happened to me. They could not conceive how a man could have remained in the water, from midnight till after five o'clock in the evening, without periſhing. The ſituation however, in which they found me, and the exhauſted ſtate I was in, perſuaded them of the veracity of my report. I found

that

that I was in a veſſel of Marſeilles, bound to the Levant. I neither concealed my religion, nor my country, from my preſervers: and thoſe Frenchmen, with the greateſt humanity, after having ſaved my life, furniſhed me with cloaths, gave me every neceſſary of life, and landed me at Conſtantinople.

Having no other reſource, I betook myſelf to the occupation of a porter, to gain a livelihood. One day I recollected, in a man who employed me, the very merchant in ſearch of whom you went to Fez. Seeing him brought you to my remembrance. I made myſelf known to this man, whoſe ſervant I had formerly been; and, thinking the news might be pleaſing to his mind, ſo thirſty after gain, I informed him that you were in ſearch of him; and that the woman, whom I, when under his command, had aſſiſted him in carrying off from Genoa, was the object of your purſuit.

All his inquiries, ſaid he, will be fruitleſs. That woman, now called Fatima, is in the ſeraglio of the grand ſeignor, to whom her former maſter ſold her; and, however amorous he may be, I doubt not but he will find it impoſſible to get her thence.

When

When I had performed the buſineſs on which Iman had employed me, he payed me, and I ſaw him no more. Sometime after this the boſtangi-bachi, who was getting ſome work done in the gardens of the ſeraglio, was extremely diſſatisfied with the eunuchs, who were much too ſlow in performing their taſk. He thought he might employ ſome common workmen to finiſh the buſineſs, without being diſcovered; notwithſtanding the ſevere prohibitions againſt introducing any ſuch perſons within the walls of the ſeraglio. He choſe out ſome of the ſtrongeſt, and I was one of the number.

This was the firſt ſtep that led to the ruin of myſelf, of you, of your miſtreſs, and of the unfortunate boſtangi, who was ſtrangled. The new workmen were ſoon noticed by the ſlaves in the ſervice of the ſeraglio. Some of theſe women, yet young, wearied of the conſtraint in which they lived, very readily formed connexions with us, and I was not the laſt to have a miſtreſs. I ſoon learnt that ſhe was a ſlave of Fatima's, who had juſt been appointed governeſs to the young princeſs, the daughter of the ſultana Aſki. From the information I obtained from my miſtreſs, I ſuſpected this Fatima to be her whom you ſought;

but

but this diſcovery, at that time, intereſted me little.

Some time after this, as I was walking through the ſtreets of Conſtantinople, on a holiday, I was greatly ſurprized at ſeeing you. The Turkiſh habit, which you had aſſumed, did not prevent my recollecting you. I followed you; noticed the caravanſary at which you had taken up your reſidence; and readily gueſſed the motive of your diſguiſe, and the object that drew you thither.

To my ſhame I confeſs, I then conceived the horrible project of ſacrificing you to better my fortune. I ſeek not to excuſe myſelf; but if you will reflect that I ſaw in you only a Chriſtian, and, of courſe, a man whom to deſtroy would be acting in conformity to the tenets of my religion, and that I was, moreover, a wretch without reſource, condemned to labour all his life for a ſcanty ſubſiſtance, you muſt allow that it would have been difficult for me to reſiſt the temptation of a fortune, which would ſet me above want, without doing any thing that my religion would conſider as a crime.

Not willing, however, to undertake any thing without reflection, I employed myſelf many days in following you,

that

that I might be certain you were the man I ſuſpected. The notice you ſeemed to take of me ſeveral times, rendered me more cautious, and convinced me that I was not miſtaken. I ſaw you ſpeak to the young Icoglan: I then no longer doubted your deſign.

Immediately I opened my mind to my miſtreſs. I painted to her the advantages we ſhould derive from betraying you and Fatima. I told her, that the only recompence I ſhould aſk of the ſultan ſhould be her liberty, which he would no doubt grant me. This aſſurance determined her. I requeſted her to watch Fatima carefully, to endeavour to learn the place and time of your carrying her off, that ſhe might inform me of it; as it would be neceſſary to wait till then, to give the ſultan an unequivocal proof of the elopement of that favourite ſlave, which I intended to diſcover to him. She promiſed faithfully to attend to my inſtructions, and unhappily kept her word but too well.

Fatima's abſence for two months with the ſultana Aſki, gave me no leſs impatience than it did yourſelf. I noticed you at different times. By the melancholy of your countenance, I ſaw what your mind ſuffered; and thence concluded, that Fatima had conſented to follow

follow you; and that your having been ſo long without hearing from her, was the cauſe of your diſquiet.

At length ſhe returned. The next day my miſtreſs came to the place where I was at work, to tell me, that Fatima was juſt gone out, covered with a veil, to conceal her from every eye. I flew from the gardens to the place where you lodged; hid myſelf in a corner; ſaw her give you the billet, and the tranſport with which you read it. From that moment, till the next evening, I did not loſe ſight of you. I ſpent the night under your window, leſt you ſhould take ſome ſtep without my knowledge. In the evening I ſaw you give your anſwer to the ſame woman in a veil. This was what I wanted. I returned to the ſeraglio, and told the ſlave, who was under the greateſt anxiety at not having ſeen me for four and twenty hours, all that I had obſerved. I charged her to make every poſſible attempt to come at the letter which you had given Fatima. I made her ſenſible how much the ſucceſs of our ſcheme, and our future fortune, depended on the knowledge of its contents: ſhe vowed to leave no ſtone unturned to procure it.

In fact, at eight o'clock the next morning, I ſaw her eagerly running towards

wards me. Here it is, ſaid ſhe. Fatima was juſt now reading it, and the ſultan coming in unexpectedly, ſhe threw it haſtily into a porphyry vaſe. She is gone to Aſki with the grand ſeignor. I have taken it out; read it quickly, that I may carry it back to the place where I found it. I read it. Seeing the hour of rendezvous, I determined at all events to efface the word *midnight*, and ſubſtitute *eleven o'clock*; perſuading myſelf, that Fatima would attribute to her agitation the not obſerving the eraſure, before I returned the billet to the ſlave, who replaced it in the vaſe.

I was now acquainted with the hour intended for her flight; but this was far from ſufficient. I neither knew the place at which ſhe was to make her eſcape, nor the means you had concerted to effect it. I imagined that I might make further diſcoveries by watching you. I returned therefore in ſearch of you. I at laſt found you in the ſuburb of Pera, where you were holding a long converſation with a French captain, to whom you gave ſome money. You left the captain, and I reſolved to be a ſpy upon him. I offered my ſervices to him as a porter. He accepted them; and employed me to carry on board his veſſel a large cheſt. On the way he went

went into a cartwright's ſhop, and ordered a ladder of twenty feet, and a crook with a handle. I eaſily gueſſed the intention of theſe implements. I had now to learn in what manner they were to be employed; particularly the crook, the uſe of which I could not gueſs. Having carried the cheſt on board, I took ſufficient notice of the veſſel, to be able to know her again in the midſt of an hundred others.

When I had left the French captain, I went to another ſhop, and ordered a ladder and a crook of the ſame dimenſions, and returned to the ſeraglio, extremely anxious how to diſcover the place at which Fatima intended to make her eſcape. My evil genius ſerved me but too well on this occaſion.

Fatima, and her women, came ſeveral days following to amuſe themſelves with a ſwing, which was near the wall of the gardens of the old ſeraglio. Except the ſlaves who knew the workmen, none of the women had any ſuſpicion of us, whom they took for the ordinary inhabitants of the place. The third evening Fatima coming, according to cuſtom, to amuſe herſelf with the ſwing, ordered one of us to call the boſtangi-bachi. I executed this order. The boſtangi haſtened to her. Fatima's

ma's power in the ſeraglio was well known, and every one trembled before her.

Boſtangi, ſaid ſhe, this ſwing is too low; I will have it raiſed to a level with the top of the wall, that I may enjoy, without any danger, the pleaſing view of Conſtantinople and the ſea.

The boſtangi obeyed; and immediately ſome workmen climbed up to the higheſt branches of the two trees, from which the ſwing was ſuſpended. To theſe they faſtened the cords by which it hung; ſo that the ſeat was on an horizontal line with the top of the wall. A ladder was brought to aſcend it, and Fatima tried it immediately.

This gave me the information I wanted. I ſaw that, by the motion of the ſwing, ſhe could paſs the wall at pleaſure. I no longer doubted her deſign, and eaſily conceived the purpoſe for which the crook was to be employed.

Fully ſatisfied on every point, I waited impatiently for the day on which the ſcheme was to be carried into execution. My plan was to conduct Fatima to the palace-yard; to preſent myſelf to the ſultan; diſcover to him the plot; point out both you and the French veſſel; and, having ſo many convincing proofs, demand

mand a reward proportioned to the greatneſs of the ſervice. Had I foreſeen that the princeſs was to have been the companion of her flight, with what a fortune would my hopes have been flattered!

We could none of us avoid trembling at the avowal of ſo black a deſign.—How couldſt thou be capable, ſaid Salmoni, of forming ſuch a ſcheme? Wretch! didſt thou not know, that God is the ſame in every country, and that his vengeance ever purſues a traitor?—

Ah! ſir, anſwered the ſlave, you know not how ſlavery and avarice degrade the ſoul. To him, whom they lead aſtray, every crime they inſpire appears compatible with juſtice. He perceives not their guilt till his ſchemes have failed.

The moment at length arrived. Your arm laid me expiring on the ground; and ſince that fatal moment I never knew what became of you, of Fatima, or of the infant ſhe had with her. I even yet am ignorant who conveyed me from the place where I lay. All I know is, that, at the end of eight days, my ſenſes returned; but my memory was confuſed; and all that had happened to me ſeemed as it were a dream. I ſaw myſelf furrounded with janiſſaries, who

kept a ſtrict watch over me. I aſked a few queſtions, but could obtain no anſwer. I afterwards learnt that the ſultan had forbidden the leaſt interrogation to be put to me, under pain of death. The ſurgeon told me, that it was neceſſary for me to keep ſilence on account of my wounds; that I was out of danger; but the leaſt imprudence would again put my life at ſtake.

I obeyed, and awaited the iſſue, but not without anxiety. Five or ſix days after, when my ſtrength appeared a little recovered, I was carried out of my chamber on a mattraſs. I croſſed a number of apartments, which were entirely unknown to me. There was no perſon in any of them, and I ſaw only the janiſſaries who carried me, and the ſurgeon who accompanied me.

We at laſt arrived in one that appeared more ſplendid than the others. I was placed on a couch; the janiſſaries withdrew, and the ſurgeon remained by my ſide.

Soon after a man richly dreſſed entered: I knew him to be the ſultan. The ſurgeon proſtrated himſelf before him.—Riſe, ſaid Achmet: do you think he has ſtrength enough to ſpeak?—The ſurgeon aſſured him that I could ſup-

port

port a converſation of two hours; and feeling my pulſe, added, that the agitation I then ſhowed was occaſioned by the unexpected ſight of his highneſs.

The ſultan made a ſign to the ſurgeon to withdraw. When that great prince was alone with me, he endeavoured with that tone of affability which goes to the heart, to remove the terror his preſence had given me.—Speak, ſaid he, and rely upon my clemency: but remember, I exact ſincerity: I am informed of every thing, and diſſimulation will be uſeleſs.—

He ſtood patiently liſtening to me for an hour and a half. I related to him every thing that you have juſt heard. He, from time to time, made me ſtop, whilſt he wrote, with a pencil, on the leaves of a pocket book, which he held in his hand.

When I had done he clapped his hands, and four ſlaves entered. Then, with a ſtern voice, which made me tremble,—Go inſtantly, ſaid he, let the boſtangibachi be ſtrangled, and let his head be expoſed on a ſpike at the gate of the great moſque, with theſe words, *Infringer of the laws of the ſeraglio.*—The ſlaves went out.

This order curdled my blood.—Heavens, cried I, this is the firſt victim of my crimes.—My eyes were filled with tears. The ſultan ſeemed not to notice the words that eſcaped me, or the tears I ſhed.—Thou haſt no knowledge, ſaid he, of the child which Fatima had with her.—No, anſwered I: I ſwear I have not.—He ſighed deeply, and walked about in ſilence for ſome time.—This then, ſaid he, is all thou knoweſt?—Yes, replied I.—If it be ſo, thou ſhalt not die.—But remember, if thou reveal any thing thou haſt told me, thy life ſhall anſwer for it. Above all, I charge thee not to diſcover to any one that Salmoni is a Chriſtian, that Fatima had an infant with her when ſhe eſcaped, or that the Icoglan had any concern in this affair. The ſlave of the ſeraglio, who was thy confidant, is already dead; the leaſt indiſcretion, therefore, muſt be aſcribed to thee. Avarice was thy guide: thou wouldſt have committed a crime; thou haſt been puniſhed for it. Hadſt thou ſucceeded, puniſhment had awaited thee: it is the only reward I give a traitor. Be gone: get thyſelf cured, and leave my dominions.—

The ſultan left me; the janiſſaries re-entered, and I was carried away.

The

The laſt words of the prince overwhelmed me with confuſion. I was like a man ſinking under an enormous burden. All the horror of my conduct flaſhed full upon my imagination. I could ſcarce conceive how heaven had ſuffered a wretch to live, who had cauſed the unhappineſs, perhaps the death, of the man, who had once generouſly freed him from the chains of ſlavery. I recovered ſlowly from my wound; and left the country agreeably to the order of the ſultan. Since that moment, miſery, the remembrance of my crimes, and the ſhades of thoſe I had wronged, haunted my ſteps. I have grown old in indigence and misfortune, and have lived till now, to ſhow you your perſecutor, purſued by the juſtice of heaven, and expiring at your feet, with a heart torn by remorſe, and dread of the wrath of an avenging God.

The wretch did not deceive us. Scarcely had he done ſpeaking, when he was ſeized with a fit, and fell down at our feet. He was carried off, and expired a few hours after.

The ſudden death of this man, the painful remembrances which his narrative had brought to the mind of Salmoni, and our ſorrow for the loſs of

Emilia, which it awakened, threw a cloud over the joy of the preceding evening. We adored that Providence who permits no crime to remain concealed, and who delays the ſtroke of vengeance but to render it more ſignal.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Maria Cecilia's arrival in Turkey.—Interview with her father.—Salmoni killed.

WE ſoon after arrived at Naples. Not finding a ready conveyance to Turkey, the chevalier, who preſſed my departure, in hopes of my ſpeedy return, perſuaded me to go to Venice, where I could not fail of meeting an opportunity of embarking immediately. I followed his advice; and we went to that city, where I found a veſſel that was to ſail for the Morea the next day. It was the time of the carnival. Every face I ſaw was wax and paper; not one, even of the loweſt claſs, was without a maſk. I had already ſeen a ſpecimen of this mania in France, which appeared to me equally extravagant and indecent. I had obſerved, on ſuch an occaſion, depravation and licentiouſneſs meet applauſe;

plauſe; the chaſteſt ears compelled to hear the moſt indelicate language; and actions, the moſt reprehenſible, appearing publicly in the face of day. I never could conceive the policy of indulging a nation in an expenſive pleaſure, which every year carries them a ſtage farther on the road of depravity. Were a philoſopher to take the trouble, for a ſeries of years, to obſerve theſe modern ſaturnalia, at which the face is maſked, and the heart laid bare, he might eaſily calculate the progreſs of vice, and corruption of manners.

I went on board; and, notwithſtanding the probability of our ſoon meeting never to ſeparate more, our parting was extremely painful. When I tore myſelf from the arms of the chevalier, my heart felt a ſorrow, which neither the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my father, nor the expectation of ſoon returning to my lover, could diſſipate. Salmoni accompanied me. The chevalier wiſhed to keep Icoglan. I conſented to it; for I knew he had need of ſome one with whom he might converſe freely about me, and into whoſe boſom he might pour thoſe tears which my abſence would compel him to ſhed.

At

At laſt we parted. Even now, whilſt I write it, grief almoſt ſtops the current of life: we parted—never to meet again.—Since that fatal moment, forty years have paſſed heavily over my head, yet my wound bleeds ſtill.

Neither Salmoni nor I changed our dreſs on our arrival in Turkey. I aſked the baſhaw of Smyrna for a paſſport, that I might go with ſafety to Amaſia. I ſhowed him, that I came from the king of France. Out of reſpect to his name, he immediately granted my requeſt, and gave me four janiſſaries, to conduct me, and protect me from inſult.

After a tireſome journey, I at laſt arrived at Amaſia. I had no one with me but Salmoni, the coachman who had joined me at Toulon, and the ſervant whom the prince de * * * had corrupted, whoſe zeal had been indefatigable ſince the pardon I had generouſly granted him.

My firſt care was to find out the palace which Achmet inhabited. The eagerneſs of my inquiries, and the different queſtions I aſked, with a view to diſcover the moſt certain and ready methods of getting an interview with him, made me ſuſpected. It may be ſuppoſed, that, in my father's ſituation, he

was ſurrounded with ſpies; that every perſon, who deſired to be admitted to him, was ſtrictly examined; and the moſt innocent circumſtances rigidly ſcrutinized.

I did not, at firſt, perceive the impreſſion my curioſity made on people; but I learnt it from the danger I ran ſoon after. A Turk, who, no doubt, was a ſpy, repreſented the gaining an admiſſion to the place of his retreat as extremely difficult, and only to be obtained by employing a perſon of intelligence to corrupt, by a conſiderable preſent, the aga, who was appointed to guard him. With an air of frankneſs, to which I was an eaſy dupe, he offered his ſervices to conduct this intrigue. On his aſking me under what name he ſhould mention me to the aga, I told him, a French woman, whom the deſire of ſeeing ſo great a prince had brought from her own country. The name of a French woman heightened his ſuſpicions. It was well known how greatly Achmet had been eſteemed in Europe; and he concluded, that there was certainly ſome conſpiracy on foot to reſtore that prince to his throne, of which I was ſent to inform him. This man, to whom I had given the money

which

which I intended for the aga, to make him favour my wiſhes, inſtead of executing his commiſſion, went to the cadi of Amaſia, to give information of what his fancy repreſented to him as an indubitable fact.

I little ſuſpected the ſtorm that was ariſing, but quietly awaited the ſucceſs of his negociation. I had been informed that the gardens of the palace, in which my father dwelt, were bounded by a ſmall river, that runs near Amaſia; that he frequently walked in thoſe gardens; and that any perſon might have a ſight of him without the leaſt fear. I could not reſiſt the deſire which this diſcovery gave me. I propoſed to Salmoni to take a boat, and make an excurſion on the river, ſaying,—That, perhaps, we might have the pleaſure of ſeeing him in the gardens; and that he, who knew him ſo well, might eaſily point him out to me.—

Salmoni, after raiſing ſome objections, which I overruled, conſented to my propoſal. We went out, but not without being cloſely watched; took a boat, and towed by the garden, which we narrowly examined. We had ſcarcely been on the water a quarter of an hour, when the bank oppoſite to the garden was

covered

covered with ſpahis and janiſſaries.—They cried out to us in the Turkiſh language, which we both perfectly underſtood, to land on their ſide of the river. The watermen were preparing to obey. Salmoni, who foreſaw our danger, drew a brace of piſtols, and threatened to blow out their brains, if they did not return to the city, where we ſhould have leſs to fear from the fury of the ſoldiers.

The janiſſaries, perceiving Salmoni's deſign, fired on us, with the muzzles of their pieces almoſt cloſe to the boat. The unfortunate Salmoni was ſhot, and fell dead at my feet. I threw myſelf on his body, which I watered with my tears. The frightened watermen rowed aſhore immediately; and the brutal aſſaſſins tore me from his bloody corſe.

Enraged at this barbarity, and the indignity with which they treated me, deſperation revived that ſtrength which the horror of the ſcene had nearly taken from me. They dragged me ignominiouſly before the cadi. Hitherto the ſituation in which I ſaw myſelf, and the imminent danger to which I was expoſed, had ſuffocated me, and, as it were, deprived me of the faculty of ſpeech. I appeared before the cadi; and

and his firſt words informed me of his ſuſpicions, occaſioned by my being at Amaſia. I was tottering on the brink of the grave; a ſingle moment was betwixt me and eternity; when, inſpired by Providence, I drew from my pocket, inſtinctively rather than from reflection, that fetſa which atteſted my birth; and, unfolding it before my executioners,—Tremble, traitors, ſaid I, and reſpect the blood of your ſovereigns.—

This was a ſtroke of thunder. The audacious wretches, whoſe arms were uplifted to ſacrifice me, fell with their faces to the ground, and trembling awaited my decrees. Viewing them in this ſituation, I could not avoid ſaying to myſelf,—ſee the empire of opinion over mankind! Theſe are the effects of ſlavery; haughtineſs to the weak, ſervility to the powerful! The murder of Salmoni had rouſed me to a pitch of madneſs. I confeſs, at that moment, I wiſhed for ſtrength to take off all their heads at one ſtroke. Injuſtice done to a haughty mind renders it barbarous.—Monſters, cried I, who have had the inſolence to aſſaſſinate a man of my ſuite, you ſhall not eſcape my vengeance. Riſe, and conduct me to the ſultan Achmet,

met, who was your maſter, and who is my father.—

Theſe wretches, ſtruck with terror, aroſe, and marched before me. I followed them haughtily; and, unwilling to be expoſed to the ſight of the populace, ordered them to cauſe the ſame reſpect to be paid to me as to the ſultanas of the ſeraglio. Inſtantly the ſtreets were deſerted, the windows cloſed, and no living being dared to appear in my way.

I paſſed through the city on foot; I arrived at the palace; and the guards, informed who I was by thoſe who went before me, let me paſs on till I came to Achmet. He was alone, reclined in an alcove, his head reſting on one of his hands, and appeared plunged in a profound revery. The noiſe I made on entering arouſed him. He looked on me with an air of majeſty, and, at the ſame time, complacency, that penetrated my ſoul. I threw myſelf at his feet: I ſhewed him the fetfa.—O, my father.—I could ſay no more; my ſtrength forſook me: a miſt came over my ſight; I ſunk ſenſeleſs to the ground.

When I came to myſelf, I was ſurrounded by women.—Where is my father? Where is he? cried I.—He appeared:

peared: he preſſed me to his boſom: he bedewed me with his tears. Happy moment! Not love itſelf could beſtow ſuch another. Never but then did I feel that felicity of which nature alone can impart an idea. This ſilent ſcene was too much for me. The phyſician, whom my father had called, repreſented to him, that our tranſports might endanger the lives of both. At this he left me.

The night following this interview I ſpent in the midſt of the women, whom Achmet had ordered to attend me. They were moſt attentively careful of me, but I could not cloſe my eyes. The affectionate careſſes of my father, the frightful ſpectacle of Salmoni's death, the dear remembrance of the chevalier, whoſe anxiety I painted to myſelf, all whirling through my brain, drove away every poſſibility of reſt. At length gratitude to the God whom I worſhipped, who had ſnatched me from the ſword ſuſpended over my head, took its turn in my mind. My thoughts, directed to the feebleneſs of human power, grew calm. To him I raiſed them: him I thanked for having led me to the arms of a father, as a reward for my obſervance of his law. I admired that ſtrict juſtice,

juſtice, which, in the death of Salmoni, had puniſhed that paſſion which formerly carried him to ſtab the traitor who carried off Fatima; and that mercy which had given him time to prepare himſelf, by a long exerciſe of Chriſtian virtues, to appear before the throne of judgement. From ſuch an unexpected loſs I learnt reſignation, and patient ſubmiſſion to others, which might be infinitely more ſevere. I offered up the following prayer from the bottom of my heart.—O God of all Chriſtians! called by thee to the knowledge of thy law, in the darkneſs of infancy, I left the palace of my father. I return to it after a term of five and twenty years. Grant that no other but thyſelf may receive my homage; and that I may preſerve, pure and unſpotted, the mind to which thou haſt revealed thy truth.

Scarcely was it day when my father ſent to aſk if my health would permit me to receive his viſit. With what eagerneſs did I deſire that he would enter. I was dreſſed. I ruſhed into his arms. An European education had freed me from that air of reſerve which an Aſiatic female never loſes My father noticed it: I obſerved him ſmile. —Pardon me, ſir, ſaid I; perhaps I am

wanting

wanting in that reſpect to which you have been accuſtomed; but I have lived in a nation where the reſtraints of ceremony give way to the emotions of the heart.

His curioſity burnt to know my adventures: I gratified it fully. I did not omit a ſingle circumſtance; not even my love for the Chevalier de * * *. When I told him of Emilia, my attachment to her, her affection for me, and her death, to which I was a witneſs,—Ah! my daughter, cried he, from what a load have you relieved me! That unfortunate woman was ever before my eyes. In the firſt tranſports of my rage I ſet a price upon her head: the cruel miniſters of my vengeance ſerved me but too well. I think I ſee now that livid face, beſmeared with blood, which they one day brought me. God of Mahomet, how ſure are thy decrees! Emilia was not ſlain; my meſſengers were deceived; I am innocent of the crime: on their heads only will it fall.—

This brought to my remembrance the hiſtory of the Engliſhwoman, or rather the Italian, who was aſſaſſinated at London, and whoſe tragical end Salmoni had related. We concluded that it was her head which had been brought to

Achmet.

Achmet. This diſcovery eaſed my father's mind, as his religion taught him to conſider himſelf innocent of a crime, whoſe victim was not the perſon his intention aimed at. Thus does paganiſm reaſon.

I had not dared to ſpeak to him of my mother. At laſt I mentioned her. The firſt words I uttered on the ſubject filled his eyes with tears.—Alas! ſaid he weeping, the day which deprived me of my daughter, took from me alſo the object of my love: your unhappy mother could not ſurvive your loſs, and, within four and twenty hours, I was bereft of the only two perſons who made life dear to me. Since that time I have not lived for myſelf, but for my people. Yet I have found that the poſſeſſion of a throne is not more ſtable than the enjoyments of the heart: I have loſt it: no doubt it was the will of heaven, and I ſubmit to it without repining.

When he ſpoke to me of the loſs of his throne, ſuch an air of majeſty appeared in all his features, that I could not avoid admiring the beauty of that great man, of which I had before taken little notice. His figure was elegant and well proportioned: his countenance was mild, though majeſtic: he had a

loſty

lofty forehead, large blue eyes, with thick, black, well-arched eye brows; an aquiline noſe; a large, but handſome mouth; good teeth; lips rather thick; a long buſhy beard beginning to grow white; a long neck, which gave a graceſulneſs and dignity to the motions of his head; a muſcular arm, fleſhy hand, and handſome leg; though his walk was ſlow, which, perhaps, aroſe from cuſtom, and diſplayed more ſtrength than agility. He expreſſed himſelf well, though conciſely; poſſeſſing more elevation of genius, than cunningneſs of mind: compaſſionate and ſlow to judge; capable of ſupporting the greateſt fatigue, ſimple and innocent in his amuſements. Such was Achmet. Such was the man who had given laws to the legiſlator of Ruſſia; who had ſeen the conqueror of the north court the ſmiles of his miniſters; who had determined the fate of Perſia, and ſtrengthened his own power by protecting her; and whom his ſubjects had expelled from his throne, in recompenſe for the benefits he had procured them!

I waved the diſcourſe, and took no notice of the event which had deprived him of his ſceptre. I only ſaid, on his aſking what had induced me to brave ſo many

many dangers to viſit him,—Had you retained your dignities, perhaps you would never have ſeen me: but you have known misfortune: you had a daughter; it was her duty to ſeek you. —I perceived he was affected, and changed the converſation. I called his attention to the fate of Salmoni, which could not but intereſt him the more, as it was occaſioned by that unfortunate man's attachment to me. Achmet gave a few tears to his memory, and ordered his funeral to be performed with all due ſolemnity. He remembered alſo the young icoglan, and condeſcended to aſk if I knew him.

We ſpent ſome days in thoſe pleaſing effuſions of ſenſibility, which are known and truly valued by the feeling heart alone. Hitherto my father had taken no notice of my religion. One day, however, he broke ſilence on that head. —I need not aſk you, ſaid he, what God you ſerve: educated in Italy, reſiding in France, loving a knight of Malta, my daughter muſt be a Chriſtian.—Yes, anſwered I firmly: yes, I avow it openly, the reſpect I owe my God is above my fear of a father.—

He

He looked at me ſtedfaſtly for a few minutes without ſpeaking; and I thought I diſcovered in his looks a kind of veneration for my anſwer.—I ſee you have virtues, ſaid he; that is a great deal: but are you happy?—Yes, anſwered I, becauſe thoſe virtues, which ariſe from my ſentiments of morality, aſſure me of eternal felicity.—Continue, ſaid he, to believe in your God. A God who rewards virtue, and a religion that inſpires it, are the God, and the religion of all good minds. Toleration is the offspring of a ſincere love for our Creator; perſecution, of fanaticiſm.—This was all he ever ſaid on the ſubject.

The report of my arrival, and my beauty, had by this time reached the Turkiſh court. Mahomet V. could not reſiſt the deſire of ſeeing me. He wrote to Achmet to induce him to ſend me to Conſtantinople; and to inform him of the love he had conceived for me from the report of my charms.

My father brought me the letter which the ſultan had written. In it Mahomet announced to him the high honour which he deſtined me, and preſſed him to make me anſwer his condeſcenſion as I ought.

Two

Two reaſons prevent my compliance, ſaid I to my father; my religion, and the attachment which I have vowed to another. You have approved them; and Achmet cannot blame a heart capable of fidelity to its promiſe.—My father wrote an anſwer to Mahomet, acquainting him with my refuſal. This excited his choler; and, ſoon after, the beglierbeg of Natolia, at that time his confidential friend, brought me an aſſurance of his love, and his threats in caſe of a refuſal. Achmet was preſent when I received this ſtrange embaſſy. I aſked the deputy coolly, what charms of mine had made ſuch ravages in the heart of ſo great a prince. The beglierbeg, thinking this queſtion denoted a readineſs to yield, entered into an eloquent harangue on my various attractions, and finiſhed by ſaying, that it was above all my beautiful hair, ſo highly ſpoken of which his maſter idolized; that elegant hair, ornamenting a face, in which beauty and virtue ſhone through all the dignity of the Ottoman blood.

Taking a pair of ſciſſars, that were at hand, and cutting off my hair, which was certainly fine, cloſe to my neck,

—Carry

—Carry thy maſter, ſaid I haughtily, the object of his love; and tell him, that a woman capable of ſuch a ſacrifice, knows no maſter but God and her own heart.—

Achmet, on this, embracing me, ſaid, —Hitherto I have ſeen in you only a virtuous woman; you have now ſhown me the daughter of Achmet.—Then ordering pen, ink, and paper, he wrote to Mahomet as follows.

"I have only one daughter. Were my child of a different ſex, you might ſacrifice her to the ſecurity of your throne: cuſtoms and reaſons of ſtate would give you an excuſe. My daughter is of the Ottoman race; ſhe is of thy own blood; thou canſt not treat her as a ſlave. Leave her at liberty: ſhe will ſoon quit thy dominions; and do not, by an act of violence, make thoſe who have placed thee on the throne bluſh at their choice.

ACHMET."

I confeſs I trembled for the event of this ſcene. Achmet encouraged me. —You know not, ſaid he, the human heart. Fear is always the predominant paſſion of a weak man. He is either

virtuous

virtuous or vicious, at the will of thoſe by whom he is ſwayed.—Achmet was not miſtaken: the anſwer of Mahomet was an order to all the baſhaws to furniſh me with whatever I might need on my journey, and to pay me all the honours due to my birth.—Of his love he made no further mention.

My father, who read what paſſed in my heart, and who ſo much the more noticed the ſacrifice which love made to nature, as I avoided mentioning it, preſſed me to depart.—Go, my child; go my dear Cecilia, ſaid he, where love expects you: go and reward the flame of him who was capable of diſcovering thy ſingular merit. I will not be ſo cruel as to abuſe the time you have had the generoſity to give to nature. Had I remained on the throne, hadſt thou been brought up in the law of Mahomet, I ſhould equally have loſt thee by giving thee a ſpouſe: I now have the ſatisfaction of knowing that thou wilt be happy. Go: the policy of the divan may perhaps this very moment require my head. Every day the ſun riſes on me; but I know not that I ſhall ſee it perform its courſe. Spare thine eyes a ſight that would break thy tender heart,

and

and would render death insupportable to thy father. Take my blessing: carry it to the husband of thy choice: may it extend to all thy posterity. It is the first time the blood of my race has mingled with that of Christians: may thy children exhibit to the world an union of the virtues of Asia and Europe.

CHAP. XXII.

Maria Cecilia parts with her father.—Concluſion.

THE laſt days I paſſed with my father were ſpent in tears. I had ſeen him; and who could ſee him without loving him? I was going to leave him; and I could not conceal from myſelf that it was for ever. Our parting was equally painful to us both. His heart was ready to burſt: and the firmneſs of that great man, who could loſe a throne unmoved, forſook him in the boſom of nature. The cruel day at laſt arrived; it was terrible: they tore me from his arms, and I loſt ſight of him for ever.

How different was this journey from the former one! I was alone: I had no longer Salmoni, who was then ſo neceſſary

ſary to me. I had no reſource but my two domeſtics. Theſe poor fellows could not ſerve me without tears. I was dying, and my ſituation afflicted them. I endeavoured to amuſe my imagination, with painting the tranſports of the chevalier on my return. It was in vain: even that picture gave me pain. Sad preſenſion! fatal harbinger of the ills that were about to overwhelm me!

I refuſed all the honours that were offered me on my journey. I arrived at Smyrna, and finding there a veſſel bound to Naples, embarked immediately. I had written to the chevalier, a few days before my departure from Amaſia, to acquaint him with my deſign. I frequently repreſented to myſelf the impatience he would feel: I fancied him going every day to the harbour, examining attentively every veſſel that arrived; and yet I could not remove an involuntary dejection which preyed on my mind, and which I could not account for.

At laſt I arrived. Still I had to undergo the quarantine, to which every veſſel arriving from the Levant is obliged to ſubmit. I thought I ſhould at leaſt hear from the chevalier, or from Icoglan, during that time: but I heard nothing. This ſilence aſtoniſhed me.

I knew not what to think of it. Had my letter miſcarried? Was not the chevalier at Naples? Was he ill? Had he remained at Venice? A thouſand different ideas perplexed my mind.

At laſt, our quarantine being performed, we entered the harbour. On landing I met the Chevalier d'Ar * * *, a friend of the Chevalier de * * *, who was ſecond in command on board the galley which had brought me from Toulon to Naples. He came alone to meet me. I was frozen at the ſight.—O heavens! cried I, where is the chevalier?—Now, madam, ſaid he, aſſume all your fortitude, all your religion. I muſt not deceive you: your lover is no more.—

I fell ſenſeleſs at theſe words. I was carried off. The ſame day I was ſeized with a violent fever. I had a raging delirium; and in a few days was at the point of death. The attentions of the Chevalier d'Ar * * *, the care of the phyſician, and the ſtrength of my conſtitution, ſnatched me from the grave: but I was upwards of three months in a ſtate of ſtupefaction, in which I ſeemed deprived of all ſenſation. By degrees my ſenſes returned, and with them the perception of all my misfortunes. I then learnt that the vengeance of the duke

duke de Med * * * 's relations had purſued the Chevalier de * * * into Italy; though it was only the name he bore which excited it, as they knew not that he was the real author of the duke's death. I was alſo informed, that an uncle of the duke de Med * * * had met the chevalier at the Neapolitan court; that a ſharp altercation had taken place; that they met in conſequence of it; that the chevalier was killed on the ſpot: and that the unfortunate Icoglan, being deſirous of avenging his friend's death, had fallen a victim to his friendſhip, dying three days after in conſequence of a wound he received. To complete the liſt of my misfortunes, I learnt, that the ten thouſand livres a-year, being all that had remained of my fortune, were gone with that of the banker in whoſe care the writings were depoſited.

Grief certainly never kills, ſince I ſurvived all my misfortunes, of which indigence was the leaſt. I found myſelf alone in the world, and, as it were, in the flower of my age. God, whom all Chriſtians worſhip, thou alone haſt been my ſupport. In the depths of adverſity have I learnt truly to value the benefits beſtowed on me by my dear Emilia.

The

The chevalier being killed on the ſpot, had of courſe left me nothing, though he knew the ſituation of my fortune. The death of Salmoni, ſlain by my ſide, left his wealth to diſtant relations. The government of Naples had taken poſſeſſion of the little Icoglan had, as none of his kindred were to be found. My father had nothing to beſtow: he had given me the laſt and only diamond that remained to him of all his former ſplendor. I had not one friend left upon earth; miſery was my ſole companion.

My pride came at length to my aſſiſtance. Shall I complain of my fate, ſaid I, who have juſt left the arms of a father that has exhibited ſo great an example of fortitude? Shall I, who am a Chriſtian, ſhow greater weakneſs than a man who has no ſupport but moral virtue? I am more happy: I ought therefore to be leſs dejected. Ought I not to know, that our trials muſt be greater in proportion to our rank? I am the daughter of an emperor, the daughter of an hero; feeble titles in the eye of God, who conſiders only virtue: I am nearer him in the lap of indigence, than I ſhould have been on the pinnacle of greatneſs.

The frequent renewal of theſe reflections

tions ſoftened the painful remembrance of my loſſes. I looked round me: Paris ſeemed the only place proper to conceal me from the eyes of the world. Five hundred ducats, and the diamond I had received from my father, were my ſole reſource. This ſmall ſum, which my journey to Paris muſt conſiderably diminiſh, was inſufficient to pay for my admiſſion into a religious houſe ſuitable to my birth. I preferred, therefore, hiding myſelf in obſcurity. I took a lodging agreeable to this intention; and the daughter of Achmet III. has lived tranquilly in the lap of virtue and obſcurity, far from the pomp of thrones, far from the ſplendour of wealth, which too often clouds the courſe of life with ſtorms: and the offspring of ſovereigns, whoſe power the earth had felt ſo many centuries, has ſometimes wanted the bread of poverty.

She poſſeſſed however religion, which teaches us to ſubmit without murmuring, and ſoftens the ſevereſt ſtrokes of misfortune; that dignity of mind which prevents our ſtooping to a mean action, and that virtue which guards us from every ſnare.

The death of my auguſt father, who died full of years and glory in 1763, cauſed the only ſevere grief I have felt ſince

ſince the deceaſe of the chevalier. The loſs of my lover ſeemed to have cloſed up my heart in a caſe of ſteel, which my own misfortunes could not pierce: the death of a father only could break it.

God has bleſſed my fortitude. My youth was ſpent amidſt the perturbations of a violent paſſion, and the troubles to which thoſe of others expoſed me. I have grown old in poverty. Born in 1710, I have ſeen the firſt day of 1786, and calmly await that death which is to be the recompenſe of a life equally agitated and aſtoniſhing in its revolutions.

FINIS.